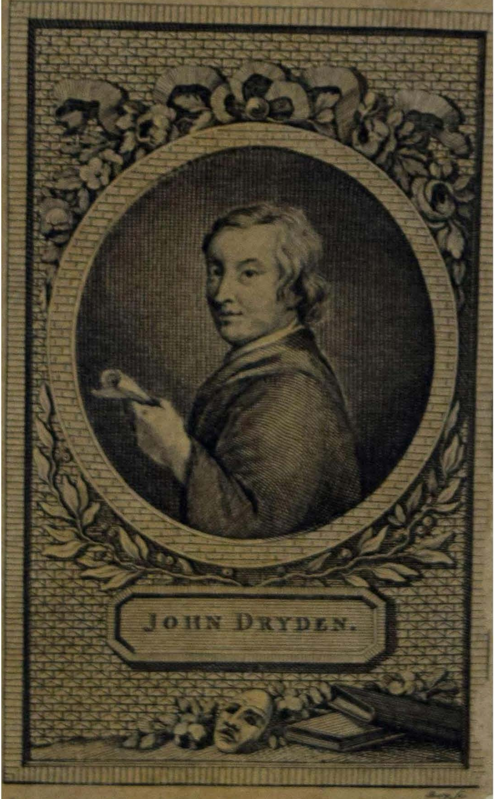

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BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

719

DRYDEN VOLUME I.

Hark his hands the Lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er.

Gray.

...nted for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 1st 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

719

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe.----
The power of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN'S leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.----- GRAY.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ASTRÆA REDUX,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,
BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,
RELIGIO LAICI,
THRENOD. AUGUSTALIS,
STANZAS TO CROMWELL,

&c. &c. &c.

But ſee where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.

ADDISON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

This illuſtrious Poet was ſon of Eraſmus Dryden of Tichmeriſh in Northamptonſhire, third ſon of Sir Eraſmus Dryden of Canons-Aſhby, in the ſame county, Baronet; and born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, 1631*; he had his education in grammar-learning at Weſtminſter-ſchool, under the famous Dr. Buſby, and was from thence elected, in 1650, a ſcholar of Trinity-College in Cambridge.

We have no account of any extraordinary indications of genius given by this great Poet while in his earlier days; and he is one inſtance how little regard is to be paid to the figure a boy makes at ſchool. Mr. Dryden was turned of thirty before he introduced any play upon the ſtage, and his firſt, called The Wild Gallants, met with a very indifferent reception; ſo that if he had not been impelled by the force of genius and propenſion, he had never again attempted the ſtage; a circumſtance which the lovers of dramatic poetry muſt ever have regretted, as they would in this caſe have been deprived of one of the greateſt ornaments that ever adorned the profeſſion.

The year before he left the Univerſity he wrote a

* Athen. Oxon.

poem on the Death of Lord Haſtings, a performance, ſay ſome of his critics, very unworthy of himſelf, and of the aſtoniſhing genius he afterwards diſcovered.

That Mr. Dryden had at this time no fixed principles, either in religion or politics, is abundantly evident from his Heroic Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, written after his funeral 1658; and immediately upon the Reſtoration he publiſhed Aſtræa Redux, a poem on the happy reſtoration of Charles II.; and the ſame year his Panegyric to the King on his Coronation.

In 1662 he addreſſed a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, preſented on New-year's-day, and the ſame year publiſhed a Satire on the Dutch. His next piece was his Annus Mirabilis; or, The Year of Wonders, 1668, an hiſtorical poem, which celebrated the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. In the ſame year Mr. Dryden ſucceeded Sir William Davenant as Poet Laureate, and was alſo made Hiſtoriographer to his Majeſty; and that year publiſhed his Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry, addreſſed to Charles Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex. Mr. Dryden tells his patron, that the writing this Eſſay ſerved as an amuſement to him in the country, when he was driven from Town by the violence of the plague which then raged in London; and he diverted himſelf with thinking on the theatres, as lovers do by ruminating on their abſent miſtreſſes. He there juſtifies the method of writing plays in verſe, but confeſſes that he has quitted

the practice, becaufe he found it troublefome and flow *. In the preface we are informed that the drift of this difcourfe was to vindicate the honour of the Englifh writers from the cenfure of thofe who unjuftly prefer the French to them. Langbaine has injurioufly treated Mr. Dryden on account of his dramatic performances, and charges him as a licentious plagiary. The truth is, our Author, as a dramatift, is lefs eminent than in any other fphere of poetry; but, with all his faults, he is even in that refpect the moft eminent of his time.

The critics have remarked, that as to Tragedy he feldom touches the paffions, but deals rather in pompous language, poetical flights and defcriptions; and too frequently makes his characters fpeak better than they have occafion, or ought to do, when their fphere in the drama is confidered. And it is peculiar to Dryden (fays Mr. Addifon) to make his perfonages as wife, witty, elegant, and polite, as himfelf. That he could not fo intimately affect the tender paffions is certain, for we find no play of his in which we are much difpofed to weep; and we are fo often enchanted with beautiful defcriptions, and noble flights of fancy, that we forget the bufinefs of the play, and are only attentive to the Poet, while the characters fleep. Mr. Gildon obferves, in his Laws of Poetry, that when it was recommended to Mr. Dryden to turn his

* He might have added, it was unnatural.

thoughts to a tranflation of Euripides, rather than of Homer, he confeffed that he had no relifh for that poet, who was a great mafter of tragic fimplicity. Mr. Gildon further obferves, as a confirmation that Dryden's tafte for tragedy was not of the genuine fort, that he conftantly expreffed great contempt for Otway, who is univerfally allowed to have fucceeded very happily in affecting the tender paffions: yet Mr. Dryden, in his preface to the tranflation of M. Du Frefnoy, fpeaks more favourably of Otway; and after mentioning thefe inftances, Gildon afcribes this tafte in Dryden to his having read many French romances. —The truth is, if a poet would affect the heart, he muft not exceed Nature too much, nor colour too high; diftrefsful circumftances, fhort fpeeches, and pathetic obfervations, never fail to move infinitely beyond the higheft rant, or long declamations in tragedy. The fimplicity of the drama was Otway's peculiar excellence; a living poet obferves, that from Otway to our own times,

"From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
"And Declamation roar'd while Paffion flept."

Mr. Dryden feems to be fenfible that he was not born to write comedy; "For," fays he, "I want "that gaiety of humour which is required in it; my "converfation is flow and dull, my humour faturnine "and referved. In fhort, I am none of thofe who "endeavour to break jefts in company, and make

" repartees; ſo that thoſe who decry my Comedies " do me no injury, except it be in point of profit: " reputation in them is the laſt thing to which I ſhall " pretend *."

This ingenuous confeſſion of inability, one would imagine, were ſufficient to ſilence the clamour of the critics againſt Mr. Dryden in that particular; but, however true it may be that Dryden did not ſucceed to any degree in comedy, I ſhall endeavour to ſupport my aſſertion, that in tragedy, with all his faults, he is ſtill the moſt excellent of his time. The end of tragedy is to inſtruct the mind as well as move the paſſions; and where there are no ſhining ſentiments, the mind may be affected, but not improved; and however prevalent the paſſion of grief may be over the heart of man, it is certain that he may feel diſtreſs in the acuteſt manner, and not be much the wiſer for it. The tragedies of Otway, Lee, and Southern, are irreſiſtibly moving, but they convey not ſuch grand ſentiments, and their language is far from being ſo poetical as Dryden's: now, if one dramatic poet writes to move, and another to enchant and inſtruct, as inſtruction is of greater conſequence than being agitated, it follows naturally that the latter is the moſt excellent writer, and poſſeſſes the greateſt genius.

But, perhaps, our Poet would have wrote better in both kinds of the drama, had not the neceſſity of his

* Defence; or, The Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry.

circumſtances obliged him to comply with the popular taſte. He himſelf, in his Dedication to the Spaniſh Fryar, inſinuates as much. "I remember," ſays he, "ſome verſes of my own Maximin and Almanzor "which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance. All that I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which "are, I hope, not many, is, that I knew they were bad "when I wrote them. But I repent of them amongſt "my ſins, and if any of their fellows intrude by "chance into my preſent writings, I draw a veil over "all theſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am reſolved "I will ſettle myſelf no reputation upon the applauſe "of fools. It is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted "judges, as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of "bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle "in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſublime that is not "juſt and proper." He ſays in another place, "that "his Spaniſh Fryar was given to the people, and that "he never wrote any thing in the dramatic way to "pleaſe himſelf but his All for Love."

In 1671 Mr. Dryden was publicly ridiculed on the ſtage in the Duke of Buckingham's comedy called The Rehearſal, under the character of Bays. This character, we are informed in the Key to the Rehearſal, was originally intended for Sir Robert Howard, under the name of Bilboa; but the repreſentation be-

ing put a ſtop to, by the breaking out of the plague in 1665, it was laid by for ſeveral years, and not exhibited on the ſtage till 1671, in which interval, Mr. Dryden being advanced to the Laurel, the noble author changed the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bays, and made great alterations in his play, in order to ridicule ſeveral dramatic performances that appeared ſince the firſt writing it. Thoſe of Mr. Dryden which fell under his Grace's laſh were The Wild Gallant, Tyrannic Love, The Conqueſt of Granada, Marriage à-la-Mode, and Love in a Nunnery: whatever was extravagant, or too warmly expreſſed, or any way unnatural, the author has ridiculed by parody.

Mr. Dryden affected to deſpiſe the ſatire levelled at him in the Rehearſal, as appears from his Dedication of the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius, where, ſpeaking of the many lampoons and libels that had been written againſt him, he ſays, "I anſwered not to the "Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſat to himſelf "when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays "of his own farce; becauſe alſo I knew my betters "were more concerned than I was in that ſatire; and, "laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnſon, the "main pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentle-"men in their converſation, that I could liken them "to nothing but their own relations, thoſe noble "characters of men of wit and pleaſure about Town."

In 1679 came out an Eſſay on Satire, ſaid to be

written jointly by Mr. Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave. This piece, which was handed about in manufcript, contained reflections on the Duchefs of Portfmouth and the Earl of Rochefter; who fufpecting, as Wood fays, Mr. Dryden to be the author, hired three ruffians to cudgel him in Wills's coffee-houfe at eight o'clock at night. This fhort anecdote, I think, cannot be told without indignation. It proved Rochefter was a malicious coward, and, like other cowards, cruel and infolent; his foul was incapable of any thing that approached towards generofity; and when his refentment was heated, he purfued revenge, and retained the moft lafting hatred; he had always entertained a prejudice againft Dryden, from no other motive than envy: Dryden's plays met with fuccefs, and this was enough to fire the refentment of Rochefter, who was naturally envious. In order to hurt the character, and fhake the intereft of this noble Poet, he recommended Crown, an obfcure man, to write a Mafk for the Court, which was Dryden's province, as Poet-Laureate, to perform. Crown in this fucceeded, but foon after, when his play, called The Conqueft of Jerufalem, met with fuch extravagant applaufe, Rochefter, jealous of his new favourite, not only abandoned him, but commenced from that moment his enemy.

The other perfon againft whom this fatire was levelled was not fuperior in virtue to the former, and

all the nation over, two better ſubjects for ſatire could not have been found than Lord Rocheſter and the Ducheſs of Portſmouth. As for Rocheſter, he had not genius enough to enter the liſts with Dryden, ſo he fell upon another method of revenge, and meanly hired bravoes to aſſault him.

In 1680 came out a tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtles in Engliſh verſe, by ſeveral hands, two of which were tranſlated by Mr. Dryden, who alſo wrote the preface. In the year following our Author publiſhed Abſalom and Achithophel. It was firſt printed without his name, and is a ſevere ſatire againſt the contrivers and abettors of the oppoſition againſt King Charles II. In the ſame year that Abſalom and Achithophel was publiſhed, the Medal, a Satire, was likewiſe given to the public. This piece is aimed againſt ſedition, and was occaſioned by the ſtriking of a medal, on account of the indictment againſt the Earl of Shaftſbury for high treaſon, being found ignoramus by the grand jury at the Old Bailey, November 1681; for which the Whig party made great rejoicings, by ringing of bells, bonfires, *&c.* in all parts of London. The poem is introduced with a very ſatirical epiſtle to the Whigs, in which the Author ſays, " I have one favour to deſire " you at parting, that when you think of anſwer- " ing this poem, you would employ the ſame pens " againſt it who have combated with ſo much ſuc- " ceſs againſt Abſalom and Achithophel, for then you

"may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory without the "leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly, and not break "a cuſtom to do it with wit. By this method you will "gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave "the anſwer of my arguments. If God has not bleſ-"ſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of "my poor ſtock, and welcome; let your verſes run "upon my feet, and for the utmoſt refuge of notori-"ous blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of "ſenſe, turn my own lines againſt me, and, in utter "deſpair, of my own ſatire make me ſatirize myſelf." The whole poem is a ſevere invective againſt the Earl of Shaftſbury, who was uncle to that Earl who wrote the Characteriſtics. Mr. Elkanah Settle wrote an anſwer to this poem, entitled The Medal Reverſed. However contemptible Settle was as a poet, yet ſuch was the prevalence of parties at that time, that, for ſome years, he was Dryden's rival on the ſtage. In 1682 came out his Religio Laici; or, A Layman's Faith. This piece is intended as a defence of revealed religion, and the excellency and authority of the Scriptures, as the only rule of faith and manners, againſt Deiſts, Papiſts, and Preſbyterians. He acquaints us in the Preface, that it was written for an ingenious young gentleman, his friend, upon his tranſlation of Father Simon's Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, and that the ſtyle of it was epiſtolary.

In 1684 he publiſhed a tranſlation of M. Maim-

bourg's Hiftory of the League, in which he was employed by the command of King Charles II. on account of the plain parallel between the troubles of France and thofe of Great Britain. Upon the death of Charles II. he wrote his Threnodia Auguftalis, a poem facred to the happy memory of that prince. Soon after the acceffion of James II. our Author turned Roman Catholic, and by this extraordinary ftep drew upon himfelf abundance of ridicule from wits of the oppofite faction; and in 1689 he wrote a Defence of the Papers written by the late King, of bleffed memory, found in his ftrong box. Mr. Dryden, in the above-mentioned piece, takes occafion to vindicate the authority of the Catholic Church, in decreeing matters of faith upon this principle, that the church is more vifible than the Scriptures, becaufe the Scriptures are feen by the church; and to abufe the Reformation in England, which he affirms was erected on the foundation of luft, facrilege, and ufurpation. Dr. Stillingfleet hereupon anfwered Mr. Dryden, and treated him with fome feverity. Another author affirms, that Mr. Dryden's tract is very light, in fome places ridiculous; and obferves, that his talent lay towards controverfy no more in profe than, by the Hind and Panther, it appeared to do in verfe. This poem of the Hind and Panther is a direct defence of the Romifh Church, in a dialogue between a Hind, which reprefents the Church of Rome, and a Pan-

ther, which ſupports the character of the Church of England. The firſt part of this poem conſiſts moſt in general characters and narration, " which," ſays he, " I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic " turn of heroic poetry. The ſecond, being matter of " diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, " I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as " poſſibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the " numbers, though I had not frequent occaſion for " the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has " more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or " ought to be, more free and familiar than the two " former. There are in it two epiſodes or fables, " which are interwoven with the main deſign, ſo that " they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo " diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I " have made uſe of the common places of ſatire, " whether true or falſe, which are urged by the mem-" bers of the one church againſt the other."

This poem was attacked by Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Mr. Matthew Prior, who joined in writing the Hind and Panther tranſverſed to the Country Mouſe and City Mouſe, Lond. 1678, 4to. In the preface to which the authors obſerve, " that Mr. Dryden's poem naturally falls into " ridicule; and that in this burleſque nothing is re-" preſented monſtrous and unnatural that is not " equally ſo in the original." They afterwards re-

mark, that they have this comfort under the ſeverity of Mr. Dryden's ſatire, to ſee his abilities equally leſſened with his opinion of them, and that he could not be a fit champion againſt the Panther till he had laid aſide his judgment.

Mr. Dryden is ſuppoſed to have been engaged in tranſlating M. Varilla's Hiſtory of Hereſies, but to have dropped that deſign. This we learn from a paſſage in Burnet's Reflections on the ninth book of the firſt volume of M. Varilla's Hiſtory, being a reply to his anſwer.

When the Revolution was completed, Mr. Dryden, having turned Papiſt, became diſqualified for holding his place, and was accordingly diſpoſſeſſed of it; and it was conferred on a man to whom he had a confirmed averſion; in conſequence whereof he wrote a ſatire againſt him, called Mac Fleckno, which is one of the ſevereſt and beſt-written ſatires in our language.

In the year wherein he was deprived of the Laurel he publiſhed the life of St. Francis Xavier, tranſlated from the French of Father Dominic Bouhours. In 1693 came out a tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; in which the firſt, third, ſixth, tenth, and ſixteenth ſatires of Juvenal, and Perſius entire, were done by Mr. Dryden, who prefixed a long and ingenious diſcourſe, by way of dedication, to the Earl of Dorſet. In this addreſs our Author takes occaſion a while to drop his reflections on Juvenal, and to lay before his

Lordſhip a plan for an epic poem. He obſerves, that his genius never much inclined him to the ſtage, and that he wrote for it rather from neceſſity than inclination. He complains that his circumſtances are ſuch as not to ſuffer him to purſue the bent of his own genius, and then lays down a plan upon which an epic poem might be written; to which, ſays he, I am more inclined. Whether the plan propoſed is faulty or no we are not at preſent to conſider; one thing is certain, a man of Mr. Dryden's genius would have covered, by the rapidity of the action, the art of the deſign, and the beauty of the poetry, whatever might have been defective in the plan, and produced a work which might have been the boaſt of the nation: and we cannot help regretting on this occaſion, that Dryden's fortune was not eaſy enough to enable him, with convenience and leiſure, to purſue a work that might have proved an honour to himſelf, and reflected a portion thereof on all who ſhould have appeared his encouragers on this occaſion.

In 1695 Mr. Dryden publiſhed a tranſlation in proſe of Du Freſnoy's Art of Painting, with a preface containing a parallel between painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope has addreſſed a copy of verſes to Mr. Jervas in praiſe of this tranſlation. In 1697 his tranſlation of Virgil's works came out. This tranſlation has paſſed through many editions, and, of all the attempts which have been made to render Virgil into Engliſh,

the critics, I think, have allowed that Dryden beſt ſucceeded; notwithſtanding, as he himſelf ſays, when he began it, he was paſt the grand climacteric! ſo little influence it ſeems age had over him, that he retained his judgment and fire in full force to the laſt! Mr. Pope, in his Preface to Homer, ſays, if Dryden had lived to finiſh what he began of Homer, he (Mr. Pope) would not have attempted it after him, "no "more (ſays he) than I would his Virgil, his verſion "of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is "the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in "any language."

Beſides the original pieces and tranſlations hitherto mentioned, Mr Dryden wrote many others. They conſiſt of tranſlations from the Greek and Latin poets, Epiſtles to ſeveral perſons, Prologues and Epilogues to ſeveral plays, Elegies, Epitaphs, and Songs. His laſt work was his Fables, ancient and modern, tranſlated into verſe from Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer. To this work is prefixed, by way of preface, a critical account of the authors from whom the fables are tranſlated.

As to our Author's performances in proſe, beſides his Dedications and Prefaces, and controverſial writings, they conſiſt of the Lives of Plutarch and Lucian, prefixed to the tranſlation of thoſe authors by ſeveral hands; the Life of Polybius, before the tranſlation of that hiſtorian by Sir Henry Sheers, and the

Preface to the Dialogue concerning Women, by William Walſh, Eſq.

Mr. Dryden died the 1ſt of May, 1701, and was interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and eriſipelas in one leg; but he was then ſomewhat recovered, and deſigned to go abroad. On the Friday following he ate a partridge for his ſupper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his houſe in Gerard-ſtreet he was ſeized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. Unable to ſtand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his ſervants, when, upon ſending for ſurgeons, they found a ſmall black ſpot in the place affected. He ſubmitted to their preſent applications, and, when gone, called his ſon Charles to him, uſing theſe words; "I "know this black ſpot is a mortification; I know alſo "that it will ſieze my head, and that they will at-"tempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, my "ſon, by your filial duty, that you do not ſuffer me "to be diſmembered." As he foretold the event proved, and his ſon was too dutiful to diſobey his father's commands.

He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkſhire, who ſurvived him about eight years, and by whom he had three ſons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles became Uſher of the palace to Pope Clement XI.; and, returning to England, was

drowned in the Thames near Windſor in 1704. He was the author of ſeveral things, and tranſlated the ſixth ſatire of Juvenal. John tranſlated the fourteenth ſatire of Juvenal, was the author of a comedy called The Huſband his own Cuckold, printed in 1696, and died of a fever at Rome. Henry entered into religious orders.

The day after Mr. Dryden's death the Dean of Weſtminſter ſent word to Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a preſent of the ground, and all other Abbey-fees, for the funeral. The Lord Halifax likewiſe ſent to the Lady Elizabeth, and to Mr. Charles Dryden, offering to defray the expenſes of our Poet's funeral, and afterwards to beſtow 500 l. on a monument in the Abbey, which generous offer was accepted. Accordingly, on Sunday following, the company being aſſembled, the corpſe was put into a velvet hearſe, attended by eighteen mourning coaches. When they were juſt ready to move, Lord Jeffreys, ſon of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, a name dedicated to infamy, with ſome of his rakiſh companions, riding by, aſked whoſe funeral it was? and being told it was Mr. Dryden's, he proteſted he ſhould not be buried in that private manner; that he would himſelf, with the Lady Elizabeth's leave, have the honour of the interment, and would beſtow a thouſand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him. This put a ſtop to their proceſſion; and the Lord Jeffreys, with ſe-

veral of the gentlemen, who had alighted from their coaches, went up ſtairs to the lady, who was ſick in bed. His Lordſhip repeated the purport of what he had ſaid below; but the Lady Elizabeth refuſing her conſent, he fell on his knees, vowing never to riſe till his requeſt was granted. The lady, under a ſudden ſurpriſe, fainted away, and Lord Jeffreys, pretending to have obtained her conſent, ordered the body to be carried to Mr. Ruſſel's, an undertaker in Cheapſide, and to be left there till further orders. In the mean time the Abbey was lighted up, the ground opened, the choir attending, and the Biſhop waiting ſome hours to no purpoſe for the corpſe. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on my Lord Halifax and the Biſhop, and endeavoured to excuſe his mother by relating the truth. Three days after the undertaker, having received no orders, waited on the Lord Jeffreys, who pretended it was a drunken frolic, that he remembered nothing of the matter, and he might do what he pleaſed with the body. Upon this the undertaker waited on the Lady Elizabeth, who deſired a day's reſpite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden immediately wrote to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned for anſwer, that he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it. Mr. Dryden hereupon applied again to the Lord Halifax and the Biſhop of Rocheſter, who abſolutely refuſed to do any thing in the affair.

In this diftrefs Dr. Garth, who had been Mr. Dryden's intimate friend, fent for the corpfe to the College of Phyficians, and propofed a fubfcription; which fucceeding, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's deceafe Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration over the body, which was conveyed from the College, attended by a numerous train of coaches, to Weftminfter-Abbey, but in very great diforder. At laft the corpfe arrived at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No organ played, no anthem fung; only two of the finging boys preceded the corpfe, who fung an ode of Horace, with each a fmall candle in their hand. When the funeral was over, Mr Charles Dryden fent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys, who refufing to anfwer it, he fent feveral others, and went often himfelf; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to fpeak to him; which fo incenfed him, that finding his Lordfhip refufed to anfwer him like a gentleman, he refolved to watch an opportunity, and brave him to fight, though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordfhip hearing, quitted the Town, and Mr. Charles never had an opportunity to meet him, though he fought it to his death with the utmoft application.

The character of Mr. Dryden has been drawn by various hands; fome have done it in a favourable, others in an oppofite manner. The Bifhop of Sarum, in the Hiftory of his own Times, fays, that the ftage was defiled beyond all example; "Dryden, the great "mafter of dramatic poetry, being a monfter of im-

" modefty and impurities of all forts *." The late Lord Landfdowne took upon himfelf to vindicate Mr. Dryden's character from this fevere imputation, which was again anfwered, and apologies for it, by Mr. Burnet, the Bifhop's fon. But not to dwell on thefe controverfies about his character, let us hear what Mr. Congreve fays, in the Dedication of Dryden's works to the Duke of Newcaftle. Congreve knew him intimately; and as he could have no motive to deceive the world in that particular, and being a man of untainted morals, none can fufpect his authority. By his account it appears that Dryden was indeed as amiable in private life as a Man, as he was illuftrious in the eye of the public as a Poet.

" Mr. Dryden (fays Congreve) had perfonal qua-" lities to challenge love and efteem from all who " were truly acquainted with him. He was of a na-" ture exceeding humane and compaffionate, eafily " forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and " fincere reconciliation with thofe who had offended " him.—His friendfhip, where he profeffed it, went " much beyond his profeffions.—As his reading had " been very extenfive, fo was he very happy in a me-" mory tenacious of every thing he had read. He was " not more poffeffed of knowledge than he was com-

* In Millar's edition of the Bifhop's work we have the following note upon this paffage. " This (fays the editor) " muft be underftood of his performances for the ftage ; for " as to his perfonal character, there was nothing remark-" ably vicious in it; but his plays are, fome of them, the " fulleft of obfcenity of any now extant."

"municative of it; but then his communication of "it was by no means pedantic, or impoſed upon the "converſation, but juſt ſuch, and went ſo far as, by "the natural turns of the diſcourſe in which he was "engaged, it was neceſſarily prompted or required. "He was extremely ready and gentle in the correc-"tion of the errors of any writer who thought fit to "conſult him, and full as ready and patient to admit "of the reprehenſion of others in reſpect of his own "overſight or miſtakes. He was of a very eaſy, I may "ſay, of very pleaſing, acceſs; but ſomething ſlow, "and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. "He had ſomething in his nature that abhorred in-"truſion in any ſociety whatſoever; and indeed it is "to be regretted that he was rather blameable on the "other extreme. He was of all men I ever knew the "moſt modeſt, and the moſt eaſy to be diſcounte-"nanced in his approaches either to his ſuperiors or "his equals.—As to his Writings—I may venture to "ſay in general terms, that no man hath written in "our language ſo much, and ſo various matter, and in "ſo various manners, ſo well. Another thing I may "ſay was very peculiar to him, which is, that his "parts did not decline with his years, but that he "was an improving writer to the laſt, even to near "ſeventy years of age, improving even in fire and ima-"gination as well as in judgment; witneſs his Ode on "St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his lateſt per-"formances. He was equally excellent in verſe and

" profe: his profe had all the clearnefs imaginable, " without deviating to the language or diction of " poetry, and I have heard him frequently own with " pleafure, that if he had any talent for writing profe, " it was owing to his frequently having read the " writings of the great Archbifhop Tillotfon. In his " Poems his diction is, wherever his fubject requires " it, fo fublime and fo truly poetical, that its effence, " like that of pure gold, cannot be deftroyed. Take " his verfes, and diveft them of their rhymes, disjoint " them of their numbers, tranfpofe their expreffions, " make what arrangement to difpofition you pleafe in " his words, yet fhall there eternally be poetry, and " fomething which will be found incapable of being " reduced to abfolute profe. What he has done in " any one fpecies, or diftinct kind of writing, would " have been fufficient to have acquired him a very " great name. If he had written nothing but his Pre- " faces, or nothing but his Songs, or his Prologues, " each of them would have entitled him to the pre- " ference and diftinction of excelling in its kind."

Befides Mr. Dryden's numerous other performances, we find him Author of the twenty-fix dramatic pieces following, *viz.*

1. The Wild Gallant, a Comedy, 1669.

2. The Indian Emperor; or, The Conqueft of Mexico by the Spaniards.

3. An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Aftrologer, a Comedy, 1671.

4. Marriage à-la-Mode, a Comedy, 1673.

5. Amboyna, a Tragedy, 1673.

6. The Miſtaken Huſband, a Comedy, 1675.

7. Aurenge-zebe; or, The Great Mogul, a Tragedy, 1676.

8. The Tempeſt; or, The Inchanted Iſland, a Comedy, 1676.

9. Feigned Innocence; or, Sir Martin Mar-all, a Comedy, 1678.

10. The Aſſignation; or, Love in a Nunnery, a Comedy, 1678.

11. The State of Innocence; or, The Fall of Man, an Opera, 1678.

12. The Conqueſt of Granada by the Spaniards, in two parts, two Tragi-Comedies, 1678.

13. All for Love; or, The World well Loſt, a Tragedy, 1678.

14. Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr, a Tragedy, 1679.

15. Troilus and Creſſida; or, Truth found too late, a Tragedy, 1679.

16. Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.

17. The Rival Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.

18. The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, a Comedy, 1680.

19. The Spaniſh Fryar; or, The Double Diſcovery, a Tragi-Comedy, 1681.

20. Duke of Guife, a Tragedy, 1688.

21. Albion and Albanius, an Opera, 1685.

22. Don Sebaftian King of Portugal, a Tragedy, 1690.

23. King Arthur; or, The Britifh Worthy, a Tragedy, 1691.

24. Amphytrion; or, The two Sofias, a Comedy, 1691.

25. Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, a Tragedy, 1692.

26. Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail, a Tragi-Comedy, 1694.

Mr. Dryden had no monument erected to him for feveral years; to which Mr. Pope alludes, in his epitaph intended for Mr. Rowe, in this line:

> Beneath a rude and namelefs ftone he lies.

In a note upon which we are informed, that the tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint, by Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this epitaph:

> This Sheffield rais'd.-----The facred duft below
> Was Dryden once; the reft who does not know?

Which was fince changed into the plain infcription now upon it, *viz.*

J. DRYDEN,

NATUS AUG. 9. 1631.

MORTUS MAII I. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamienfis fecit.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Public is here obliged with the Poetical Works of Mr. Dryden, detached from the compofitions of inferior writers, with which moft of them have been hitherto blended in the *Mifcellanies* *. It was thought but juftice to the productions of fo excellent a Poet, to fet them free, at laft, from fo difadvantageous, if not unnatural, an union; which, like the cruelty of Mezentius in Virgil, was no lefs than a junction of *living* and *dead* bodies. We fay this in refpect to numberlefs pieces in Mr. Dryden's *Mifcellanies*, without derogating from that praife which is juftly due to others among them. But, not to enter into the merit of Mr. Dryden's *fellow-undertakers* † in that *collection*, or the motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others, we may venture to fay it is now high time the *partnerfhip* fhould be diffolved, and Mr. Dryden left to ftand upon his own bottom His credit, as a Poet, is out of all danger, though the withdrawing his ftock may probably expofe many of his copartners to the hazard of a poetical bankruptcy.

There is, indeed, a Collection of original poems and tranflations by Mr. Dryden, publifhed for J. Tonfon in 1701, in a thin folio; and another by J. and R. Tonfon, in two volumes duodecimo, in 1733;

* Thofe publifhed by Mr. Dryden himfelf in *Six Parts*, and others.

† So he himfelf calls them, Preface to the *Mifcellanies*.

but the firſt does not contain much above *half* the pieces, and the laſt is *not complete*, ſeveral of the Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, and Epitaphs, being entirely omitted; ſo that neither the one nor the other did fully anſwer the deſign of the preſent Collection, which is meant to include the *whole* of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, upon which, as has been obſerved by one of his biographers (*Biograph. Dict.* vol. IV. p. 228.) his poetical reputation is chiefly built.

In all the editions we have ſeen of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, the ſecond part of his Abſalom and Achithophel has been printed imperfect, the lines wrote by Mr. Tate, upwards of 300 in number, being entirely omitted. In order to connect the reading and ſenſe of the Poem, thus interrupted, theſe lines we have reſtored, as well as the deſultory Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, *&c.* and, by the reſtoration, offer to the Reader, in the preſent edition, not a mutilated, but a perfect poem; not a partial, but a complete Collection of Mr. Dryden's *original poetical pieces.*

VERSES

IN PRAISE OF MR. DRYDEN.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Be gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin, go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Rev'rend Levi) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic pow'r aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heav'n to ſwine:
What then have thinking honeſt men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?
Nor can the Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;

Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface, ſure, was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read you'll ſay:
'Tis true; but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.
But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their foll'wers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulf be ſhew'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.
That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell
For humble charity and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity, profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own!
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

FROM MR. ADDISON's ACCOUNT

OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

But ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay in thee,
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear!
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear;
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more:
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC. AN ODE.

From Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, l. 376

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound.
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,

FROM AN ODE OF GRAY'S.

BEHOLD where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding [pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft' before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far— but far above the great.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

TAKE it as earneſt of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vaſt, your verſe divinely good;
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous ſtrokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all ſerenely great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like angels' love to human ſeed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis ſpirit ſeen, whoſe fiery atoms rowl,
So brightly fierce, each ſyllable's a ſoul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom e'en the Fanatics altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe;

As if a Milton from the dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the ruſt, and the right party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the gloomy ſay;
Turn not your feet too inward nor too ſplay.
'Tis gracious all, and great: puſh on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem:
David, that rebel Iſrael's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.
  The beauties of your Abſalom excel,
But more the charms of charming Annabel:
Of Annabel, than May's firſt morn more bright,
Cheerful as ſummer's noon, and chaſte as winter's night.
Of Annabel, the Muſes' deareſt theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
And to your maſterpiece theſe ſhadows ſend.

NAT LEE.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

I THOUGHT, forgive my ſin, the boaſted fire
Of poets' ſouls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the god within that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful quire.
But ſure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers ſlumb'ring by the Muſes' ſtream.

Some livelier ſpark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From earthly droſs, fills the great Poet's mind.
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal lines,
Thro' each of which th' informing genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner flame inſpir'd the king
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
Not David's ſelf could in a nobler verſe
His glorioufly-offending ſon rehearſe,
Tho' in his breaſt the prophet's fury met,
The father's fondneſs, and the poet's wit.
  Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
And to the unknown Poet altars raiſe;
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
(Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen)
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of fame,
Nor want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name:
What father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a ſon as godlike Abſalom? R. DUKE.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Hail heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry ſacred page!
The glory of our iſle and of our age:
Th' inſpiring ſun to Albion draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majeſty.

While Pindus' lofty heights our Poet ſought,
(His raviſh'd mind with vaſt ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his riſing thought.
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold t'adorn his lines,
Thro' each of which the Mantuan Genius ſhines.
The rock obey'd the pow'rful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he ſails;
The dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail, then, thou matchleſs Bard, thou great Unknown!
That give your country fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain; for ev'ry where your praiſe you find,
And, not to meet it, you muſt ſhun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And e'en the factious give your verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their idol cauſe:
The cauſe, for whoſe dear ſake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal blood;
The cauſe, whoſe growth to cruſh, our prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one ſtab of your keen ſatire dies;
Before your ſacred lines their ſhatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The ſire to whom this lovely birth we owe;

Deny'd our ready homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs;
This hope remains; may David's godlike mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find;
And, having found, ſhow'r equal favours down
On wit ſo vaſt as could oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

UPON THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL,

A SATIRE.

ONCE more our awful Poet arms t'engage
The threat'ning hydra-faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the field.
By Art and Nature for this taſk deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the torrent of his verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his ſatire till the needful hour.
His ſov'reign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Bleſs'd Muſe! whoſe wit with ſuch a cauſe was crown'd,
And bleſs'd the cauſe that ſuch a champion found!
With choſen verſe upon the foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with ſubjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conqueſt he rebates his rage;

His fury not without diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To leſs-infected members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours balm into the wound.
Such gen'rous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the mercy of his Muſe:
Their wretched dogg'rel rhymers forth they bring,
To ſnarl and bark againſt the poet's king;
A crew that ſcandalize the nation more
Than all their treaſon-canting prieſts before.
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornful ſmile,
But on their pow'rful patrons turns his ſtyle:
A ſtyle ſo keen, as e'en from faction draws
The vital poiſon, ſtabs to th' heart their cauſe.
Take then, great Bard! what tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our thanks, for you tranſcend our praiſe.

N. TATE.

TO THE

UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL,

A SATIRE:

AND OF ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Thus pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to gods unknown did raiſe:
They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew
Divine effects a cauſe divine did ſhew;

Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, tho' the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble verſe declare.
As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful ſong,
Glides in a peaceful majeſty along,
No rebel ſtone, no lofty bank does brave
The eaſy paſſage of his ſilent wave;
So, ſacred Poet! ſo thy numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers wooe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet ſoft as downe upon the wings of Love.
How ſweet does Virtue in your dreſs appear!
How much more charming when much leſs ſevere?
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſsly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy ſtyle,
Y' inſinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking many cheat.
So the ſweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly, as you.
O that you would, with ſome ſuch pow'rful charm,
Enervate Albion to juſt valour warm!
Whether much-ſuffering Charles ſhall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James's ſword;
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might paſs the ſubject main,

Another Edward lead the Britons on,
Or ſuch an Oſſory as you did moan;
While in ſuch numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let falſe Achithophel the rout engage,
Talk eaſy Abſalom to rebel rage;
Let frugal Shimei curſe in holy zeal,
Or modeſt Corah more new plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of Fate,
Good David ſtill maintains the royal ſtate.
Tho' each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and e'en thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair Albion, 'midſt the raging main,
Surveys incircling danger with diſdain.
In vain the waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs ſhine whiter than before.
Nor ſhalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conſpire,
Tho' the worſe rage of Zeal's fanatic fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt, of the Britiſh race,
Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place!
Ah wretched Britons! ah too ſtubborn Iſle!
Ah ſtiff-neck'd Iſrael on bleſs'd Canaan's ſoil!
Are thoſe dear proofs of Heav'n's indulgence vain,
Reſtoring David and his gentle reign?
Is it in vain thou all the goods doſt know,
Auſpicious ſtars on mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with milk, thy lands with honey, flow?

No more, fond Iſle! no more thyſelf engage
In civil fury and inteſtine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land moleſt,
But a ſmooth calm ſooth every peaceful breaſt,
While in ſuch charming notes divinely ſings
The beſt of Poets of the beſt of Kings.

J. ADAMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS RELIGIO LAICI.

Those gods the pious Ancients did adore,
They learnt in verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of talk, when they did to ſuch beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion firſt, thought fit
In verſe its ſacred precepts to tranſmit:
So Solon, too, did his firſt ſtatutes draw,
And every little ſtanza was a law.
By theſe few precedents we plainly ſee
The primitive deſign of poetry;
Which, by reſtoring to its native uſe,
You gen'rouſly have reſcu'd from abuſe.
Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God and godlike King.
Atheiſt, and rebel too, ſhe does oppoſe;
(God and the King have always the ſame foes.)
Legions of verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the factious to obedience:

You the bold Arian to arms defy,
A conqu'ring champion for the Deity
Againſt the Whigs' firſt parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian firſt began,
Is carried on by the Socinian,
Who ſtill aſſociates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the Prince of poets' taſk alone
T' aſſert the rights of God's and Charles's throne,
Whilſt vulgar poets purchaſe vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phillis' name;
Whoſe reputation ſhall laſt as long
As fops and ladies ſing the amorous ſong.
A nobler ſubject wiſely they refuſe,
The mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.
So ſtory tells, A painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity;
And he, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a minor god with wondrous art;
But when great Jove did to the workman ſit,
The Thunderer ſuch horror did beget,
That put the frighted artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his pencil drop from's baffled hand.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy restoration and return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles II. 1660.

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." VIRG.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and, worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Tho' in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd;
And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As Nature bred, and Int'rest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,

While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles' bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence Church and State did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, Faction ſeiz'd the throne;
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſs'd:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our ſires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt:
For when, by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at pow'r, which for themſelves they ſought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then, and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhown.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to fly,
(What king, what crown, from Treaſon's reach is free,
If Jove and heav'n can violated be?)
The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſp'rous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs, ſavage liberty,

Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere Empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles' woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſs'd.
As ſouls reach heav'n while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when Deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd Fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger ſought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſuff'rings both regret and bleſs!
For when his early valour Heav'n had croſs'd,
And all at Worc'ſter but the honour loſt,

Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries, where he came, his own;
And viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:
Recov'ring hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much, his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To bus'neſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of Counſellor,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſp'rous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In ſuch adverſities to ſceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandſire gain'd;
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vaſt pow'rs,
As holy and as catholic as ours,

Till Fortune's fruitlefs fpite had made it known
Her blows not fhook, but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, loft in fleep and eafe,
No action leave to bufy chronicles:
Such, whofe fupine felicity but makes
In ftory chafms, in epochas miftakes;
O'er whom Time gently fhakes his wings of downe,
Till with his filent fickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles' too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild diftemper'd rage
Of fome black ftar infecting all the fkies,
Made him at his own coft, like Adam, wife.
Tremble, ye Nations! who, fecure before,
Laugh'd at thofe arms that 'gainft ourfelves we bore;
Rous'd by the lafh of his own ftubborn tail,
Our Lion now will foreign foes affail.
With alga who the facred altar ftrows?
To all the fea-gods Charles an off'ring owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, fhall be flain,
A lamb to you, ye Tempefts of the main:
For thofe loud ftorms, that did againft him roar,
Have caft his fhipwreck'd veffel on the fhore.
Yet as wife artifts mix their colours fo,
That by degrees they from each other go,
Black fteals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd fight;
So on us ftole our bleffed change, while we
Th' effect did feel, but fcarce the manner fee.

Frofts that conftrain the ground, and birth deny
To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
Do feldom their ufurping pow'r withdraw,
But raging floods purfue their hafty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But loft in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heav'n would no bargain for its bleffings drive,
But what we could not pay for freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himfelf, confer
A gift unhop'd without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his bleffings' worth, took care
That we fhould know it by repeated pray'r,
Which ftorm'd the fkies, and ravifh'd Charles from thence,
As heav'n itfelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only ferv'd to fhow
He durft that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour
Not come: fo, like the watchful traveller,
That by the moon's miftaken light did rife,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence defign'd to loofe
Thofe real bonds falfe freedom did impofe.
The bleffed faints, that watch'd this turning fcene,
Did from their ftars with joyful wonder lean,
To fee fmall clues draw vafteft weights along,
Not in their bulk, but in their order ftrong.
Thus pencils can by one flight touch reftore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.

With eafe fuch fond chimæras we purfue,
As fancy frames for fancy to fubdue:
But when ourfelves to action we betake,
It fhuns the mint like gold that chymifts make.
How hard was then his tafk, at once to be
What in the body natural we fee?
Man's Architect diftinctly did ordain
The charge of mufcles, nerves, and of the brain,
Thro' viewlefs conduits fpirits to difpenfe,
The fprings of motion from the feat of fenfe.
'Twas not the hafty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wife delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ftrook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ftomach labours thus,
At firft embracing what it ftraight doth crufh.
Wife leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till fome fafe crifis authorife their fkill.
Nor could his acts too clofe a vizard wear,
To 'fcape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted neft
Whence Legion twice before was difpoffefs'd:
Once facred houfe; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could fanctify a fin;
Like thofe that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
While to excefs on martyrs' tombs they drink:

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And as devouter Turks firſt warn their ſouls
To part, before they taſte forbidden bowls,
So theſe, when their black crimes they went about,
Firſt timely charm'd their uſeleſs conſcience out.
Religion's name againſt itſelf was made;
The ſhadow ſerv'd the ſubſtance to invade;
Like zealous miſſions, they did care pretend
Of ſouls in ſhew, but made their gold their end.
Th' incenſed pow'rs beheld with ſcorn from high
An heaven ſo far diſtant from the ſky,
Which durſt, with horſes' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial braſs, belie the thunder's ſound;
'Twas hence at length juſt Vengeance thought it fit
To ſpeed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Loſt by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* muſt ſpend at leſſer rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots ſet,
A virtuous ſhame within us to beget:
For by example moſt we ſinn'd before,
And glaſs-like clearneſs mix'd with frailty bore.
But ſince reform'd by what we did amiſs,
We by our ſuff'rings learnt to prize our bliſs.
Like early lovers, whoſe unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealouſies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.

'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such ſwarms of Engliſh to the neighb'ring ſhore,
To fetch that prize by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoveriſh'd trade.
Oh had you ſeen from Schevelin's barren ſhore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True ſorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd ſails deny'd.
The wav'ring ſtreamers, flags, and ſtandards out,
The merry ſeamen's rude but cheerful ſhout;
And laſt the cannons' voice that ſhook the ſkies,
And as it fares in ſudden ecſtaſies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles' name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord, the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swiftſure groans beneath great Glo'ſter's weight.
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heav'n could not own a Providence and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles' voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had miracles confeſs'd.

The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their ſtraiten'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge.
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear,
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted faſces of the main.

And welcome now, great Monarch! to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
"Long ſuffering, Goodneſs, Mercy," in his name.
Your pow'r to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws,

Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made: ſo winds that tempeſts brew,
When thro' Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite:
And as thoſe lees that trouble it refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine;
So tears of joy, for your returning ſpilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crowds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore;
While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe who had ſeen you court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an int'reſt in your name;
You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Thoſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.

Our nation with united int'reſt bleſs'd,
Not now content to poiſe, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land;
And as old Time his offspring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more advent'rers be,
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe dangers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the pow'rful takes not he beſtows:
And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of party ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are weary'd into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſs'd example win.
Oh happy Prince! whom Heav'n hath taught the way,
By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! oh times like thoſe alone,
By Fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a Monarch, and that monarch You.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

ENSUING POEM,

In a Letter to the

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM ſo many ways obliged to you, and ſo little able to return your favours, that, like thoſe who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleneſs, but you have been ſolicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindneſs. It is not long ſince I gave you the trouble of peruſing a play for me, and now, inſtead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But ſince you are to bear this perſecution, I will at leaſt give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never ſuffer in a nobler cauſe. For I have choſen the moſt heroic ſubject which any Poet could deſire: I have taken upon me to deſcribe the motives, the beginning, progreſs, and ſucceſſes,

of a moſt juſt and neceſſary war; in it the care, management, and prudence, of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and ſeamen; and three glorious victories, the reſult of all. After this I have, in the fire, the moſt deplorable, but, withal, the greateſt argument that can be imagined, the deſtruction being ſo ſwift, ſo ſudden, ſo vaſt and miſerable, as nothing can parallel in ſtory. The former part of this Poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not ſerving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almoſt obliged to it; and I know no reaſon we ſhould give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremoſt in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never ſuffer in their peaſants. I ſhould not have written this, but to a perſon who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generoſity have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which deſcribes the fire, I owe, firſt to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his ſuffering ſubjects; and, in the ſecond place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City: both which were ſo conſpicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deſerve. I have called my Poem Hiſtorical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But, ſince the action is not properly one, nor that accom-

plifhed in the laft fucceffes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few ftanzas, which are little more in number than a fingle Iliad, or the longeft of the Æneids. For this reafon (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too feverely to the laws of Hiftory) I am apt to agree with thofe who rank Lucan rather among Hiftorians in verfe, than Epic poets; in whofe room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worfe writer, may more juftly be admitted. I have chofen to write my Poem in quatrains, or ftanzas of four, in alternate rhyme, becaufe I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the found and number, than any other verfe in ufe amongft us; in which I am fure I have your approbation. The learned languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the flavery of any rhyme, and were lefs conftrained in the quantity of every fyllable, which they might vary with fpondees or dactyls, befides fo many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the clofe of that one fyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the fenfe of all the reft. But in this neceffity of our rhymes I have always found the couplet verfe moft eafy, though not fo proper for this occafion; for there the work is fooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet: but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only fo, but to bear

along in his head the troublefome fenfe of four lines together. For thofe who write correctly in this kind muft needs acknowledge, that the laft line of the ftanza is to be confidered in the compofition of the firft. Neither can we give ourfelves the liberty of making any part of a verfe for the fake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current Englifh, or ufing the variety of female rhymes, all which our fathers practifed : and for the female rhymes, they are ftill in ufe amongft other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promifcuoufly, with the French alternately; as thofe who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And befides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verfes of fix feet; fuch as amongft us is the old tranflation of Homer by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the fphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ftanza, which, you may remember, is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haften to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only fay, I have never yet feen the defcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are ufed at fea; and if there be any fuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the Third of his Pharfalia, yet I could not avail myfelf of it in the Englifh, the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of

it than any other words. We hear, indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions: and certainly as thoſe who, in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription would veil their ignorance.

> "Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,
> "Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?"

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place, where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeamen. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family; ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have

exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia ſponte ſua reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the teſt of danger: the greatneſs of arms is only real; other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of Kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my Poem. I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas

of thofe things which it defigns to reprefent. Wit written, is that which is well defined the happy refult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiftorical poem, I judge it chiefly to confift in the delightful imaging of perfons, actions, paffions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or fting of an epigram, nor the feeming contradiction of a poor antithefis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor paranomafia; neither is it fo much the morality of a grave fentence, affected by Lucan, but more fparingly ufed by Virgil; but it is fome lively and apt defcription, dreffed in fuch colours of fpeech that it fets before your eyes the abfent object as perfectly, and more delightfully, than Nature. So, then, the firft happinefs of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the fecond is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment reprefents it proper to the fubject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, fo found and varied in apt, fignificant, and founding words. The quicknefs of the imagination is feen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expreffion. For the two firft of thefe Ovid is famous amongft the poets; for the latter Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either com-

bating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words, therefore, are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures Nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and, conſequently, of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhows remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge that, if I ſee not more of their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before

us, how bold, how mafterly, are the ftrokes of Virgil! We fee the objects he prefents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but fo we fee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them fo beautiful in themfelves. We fee the foul of the poet, like that univerfal one of which he fpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"------ Totamque infufa per artus
"Mens agitat molem, et magno fe corpore mifcet."

We behold him embelifhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her fon Æneas:

"------ Lumenque juventae
"Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflarat honores:
"Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
"Argentum Pariufve lapis circundatur auro."

See his Tempeft, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I efteem the divineft part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thofe many other excellent images of Nature, moft of which are neither great in themfelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he defcribes them are fo excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was faid by Ovid, "Materiam fuperabat opus." The very found of his words has often fomewhat that is connatural to the fubject; and while we read him, we fit, as in a play, beholding the fcenes of what he reprefents. To perform this, he made frequent ufe of tropes,

which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epiſtle to the Piſos:

> "Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
> "Reddiderit junctura novum"-----

But I am ſenſible I have preſumed too far, to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that art which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my maſter in this Poem: I have followed him every where; I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldneſs for which I will ſtand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this Poem, you have taken notice of ſome words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant, in verſe; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

> "Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, ſi
> "Graeco fonte cadunt, parce detorta"-----

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty; how much more juſtly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the ſame prerequiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of Latin writers? In ſome places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediouſneſs as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images, well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroic poeſy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter: for the one ſhews Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool, with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from Nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the epic poeſy, and for the hiſtoric and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, "Stantes in curribus Æmiliani," heroes drawn in their triumphal

chariots, and in their full proportion, others are to be, like that of Virgil, " Spirantia mollius era :" there is fomewhat more of foftnefs and tendernefs to be fhewn in them. You will foon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have feen a paper of verfes which I wrote laft year to her Highnefs the Duchefs, have accufed them of that only thing I could defend in them. They faid, I did " Humi fer-" pere;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to fet it off. I might well anfwer with that of Horace, " Nunc non erat his locus;" I knew I addreffed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the foftnefs of expreffion, and the fmoothnefs of meafure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to fay I have fucceeded. I deteft arrogance; but there is fome difference betwixt that and a juft defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour or the readers : I leave them to fpeak for me, and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, Sir, it is time I fhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclufion, I muft leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of

those of whom the younger Pliny speaks, "Nec sunt "parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vo-"cant:" I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them, if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his sirname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know that, if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient and most
faithful of your servants,

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10. 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The moſt Renowned and late Flouriſhing

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and Council of it.

As perhaps I am the firſt who ever preſented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, ſo it is likewiſe conſonant to juſtice, that he who was to give the firſt example of ſuch a Dedication, ſhould begin it with that City which has ſet a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unſhaken conſtancy. Other cities have been praiſed for the ſame virtues, but I am much deceived if any have ſo dearly purchaſed their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expenſive though neceſſary war, a conſuming peſtilence, and a more conſuming fire. To ſubmit yourſelves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and, at the ſame time, to raiſe yourſelves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph; I know not whether ſuch trials have been ever paralleled in any nation; the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more

mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverſes of fortune, and the interpoſition of many rivals, who violently raviſhed and with-held you from him; and certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's diſpleaſure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the moſt excellent princes) than occaſions for the manifeſting of your Chriſtian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You, who are to ſtand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourſelves an immortal Monument on your own ruins; you are now a phœnix in her aſhes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the ſuffering Deity: but Heaven never made ſo much piety and virtue to leave it miſerable. I have heard, indeed, of ſome virtuous perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cauſe becomes ſo general; and I cannot imagine it has reſolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has bleſſed abroad with ſuch ſucceſſes. I am therefore to conclude that your ſufferings are at an end; and that

one part of my Poem has not been more an hiſtory of your deſtruction, than the other a prophefy of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of all true Engliſhmen, ſo is it by none more paſſionately deſired, than by

The greateſt of your admirers,

and moſt humble of your ſervants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which, like blood, ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heav'ns had kindly heat,
In eaſtern quarries rip'ning precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceylon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the lab'rer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her wat'ry ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each land;
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain;
And, while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And, prudently, would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our King; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſt,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;

Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbics riſe,
It would in richer ſhow'rs deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the wat'ry ball,
He in himſelf did whole armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for general, were he not their King.

XV.

It ſeems as ev'ry ſhip their Sovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows *,
And ſo to paſture follow thro' the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;

* *When Proteus blows.*]
——" Coeruleus Proteus immania ponti
" Armenta et magnas paſcit ſub gurgite Phocas. *Virg.*

And Heav'n, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlipp'ry ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhown:

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born King;
And now a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt, with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious King!
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon amongſt the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd Heav'n preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide Ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So rev'rently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpeakes the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the riſing ſun;
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſt they bring;
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And Winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie;
And round about their murd'ring cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:

Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy;
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And tho' by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In Heav'n's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms, repenting, part of it reſtor'd;
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh Ocean ſent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals! now, and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth which ſo uncertainly muſt come;
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon who, twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents' arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are * the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck ev'ry where!
Alas! what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer?

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill
Heav'n in his boſom from our knowledge hides,
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft', for friends, miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith † in vain:
Alas! that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and av'rice in the church could reign.

* *Such are*, &c.] From Petronius; "Si bene calculum "ponas, ubique fit naufragium."
† *The German faith.*] Tacitus ſaith of them, "Nullos "mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos eſſe."

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his int'reſt underſtood!
Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand:
And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t' enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy;

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhow;
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave:
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite;

Would Heav'n for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice,
And all his neighbours' realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dang'rous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before.
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects' love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create,
Two ſuch, as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone;
Each able to ſuſtain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praiſe;
Their duty, faith, and int'reſt to the ſame,
Like mighty part'ners equally they raiſe.

XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign :
Thus with their Amazons the heroes ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe beauties they would gain.

L.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with diſdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, riſe once more,
And ſhook aloft the faſces of the main,
To fright thoſe ſlaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haſte,
Whom matrons paſſing to their children ſhow:
Infants' firſt vows for them to Heav'n are caſt,
And future people * bleſs them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Aſian train,
T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain,
But war, ſeverely, like itſelf, appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

* *Future people.*] "Examina infantium futuruſque po-
"pulus." Plin. Jun. in Paneg. ad Traj.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold;
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs num'rous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murd'ring guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler ſight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move;
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd *, and floting nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind,
And in its eye more cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

* *Lands unfix'd.*] From Virgil. "Credas innare revul-
"ſas Cycladas," *&c.*

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whofe fhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the el'phant bears, and fo defy'd
By the rhinoc'ros, her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, fo diff'rent is the fight;
Their mounting fhot is on our fails defign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And thro' the yielding planks a paffage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whofe batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like fome old oak which tempefts beat,
He ftands, and fees below his fcatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, fhelter fought;
But he, who meets all danger with difdain,
E'en in their face his fhip to anchor brought,
And, fteeple-high, ftood propp'd upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excefs of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoft of his foes a while withdraw:
With fuch refpect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the godlike Fathers faw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Her Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greeks;

Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings difplay,
And theirs the nobleft fpoils of Britain feek.

LXV.

Mean time his bufy mariners he haftes,
His fhatter'd fails with rigging to reftore,
And willing pines afcend his broken mafts,
Whofe lofty heads rife higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like fwans, in long array his veffels fhow,
Whofe crefts, advancing, do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the fea
They drive, and fquander the huge Belgian fleet:
Berkley alone, who neareft danger lay,
Did a like fate with loft Creufa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to purfue
The combat ftill, and they afham'd to leave;
Till the laft ftreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' Englifh fleet each fhip refounds with joy,
And loud applaufe of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they ftill deftroy,
And, flumb'ring, fmile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie;
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vaſt bulks, which little ſouls but ill ſupply.)

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful Gen'ral had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope *, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never, till now, unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds, but want of ſtrength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

* *His face*, &c.] "Spem vultu ſimulat, premit alto corde "dolorem." *Virg.*

LXXV.

Then, to the reſt, " Rejoice," ſaid he, " to-day;
" In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
" Among ſo brave a people you are they
" Whom Heav'n has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

" If number Engliſh courages could quell,
" We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met, our foes;
" Whoſe num'rous ſails the fearful only tell:
" Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows."

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But, bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood;
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That, like the ſword-fiſh in the whale, they fought;
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till thro' their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no, not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,

Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquefts former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghofts of our great Harrys rofe,
And armed Edwards look'd, with anxious eyes,
To fee this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles fhould rife.

LXXXII.

Mean time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chafe-guns thro' our fterns they fend;
Clofe by their fire-fhips, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in fmoke of cannon they came on,
(Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide)
In thefe the height of pleas'd revenge is fhown,
Who burn contented by another's fide.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting fquadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themfelves, or to preferve fome friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And Englifh fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows lefs,
And, like maim'd fowl, fwim lagging on the main;
Their greater lofs their numbers fcarce confefs,
While they lofe cheaper than the Englifh gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen, when, whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow, that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who, ſafe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare;
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to flie:
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought;
And, gen'rouſly, with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his pro[illegible]ous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd;
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employs:

His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael ſafe from the Egyptians' pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold ſin,
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him, and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood,
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet,
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue, but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady covers rous'd, the lion chaſe;
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves *, unknowing to give place.

* *The ſimile is Virgil's;* "Veſtigia retro improperata re-
"fert," *&c.*

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore,
And weary waves *, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glitt'ring ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful Gen'ral ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

" That happy ſun," ſaid he, " will riſe again,
" Who twice victorious did our navies ſee;
" And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
" Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI.

" Yet, like an Engliſh gen'ral will I die,
" And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
" Women and cowards on the land may lie;
" The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

* *Weary waves.*] From Statius Sylv.
" Nec trucibus fluviis idem ſonus; occidit horror
" Aequoris, antennis maria acclinata quieſcunt."

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now, his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannons ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with Virtue be at ſtrife:
This, as a ranſom, Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad Gen'ral knows:
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And ev'ry ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days, but to purſue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,

To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants for'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the Prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now abſent, every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain,
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the Prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's paſſage hills of ſand,
And dang'rous flats, in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow,
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;

And, in revenge for thofe three days they try'd,
Wifh one, like Jofhua's, when the fun ftood ftill.

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againft the adverfe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way;
With the firft blufhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His prefence foon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns fpeak thick like angry men :
It feem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new-pointed his dull dart agen.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchlefs courage, fince the former fight;
Whofe navy ftill a ftiff-ftretch'd cord did fhew,
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he fhares, while half their fleet offends
His open fide, and high above him fhows;
Upon the reft at pleafure he defcends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms beftows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
And fullenly to his revenge he fails :
So glides * fome trodden ferpent on the grafs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

* *So glides*, &c.] From Virgil.
"Quum medii nexus extremaeque agmina caudae
"Solvuntur; tardoſque trahit finus ultimus orbes."

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken weaning moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow,
Where the thin ſcatt'ring trees admit the light,
And ſhun each other's ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main,
Which with his one ſo vig'rouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home, they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay;
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call;
The paſſing winds thro' their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below;

Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their ſight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the Prince's main-maſt bore:
All three, now helpleſs, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A courſe till, tir'd, before the dog ſhe lay;
Who, ſtretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Paſt pow'r to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home,
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome *.

* "Quos opimus fallere et effugere eſt triumphus." Hor.

CXXXV.

The General's force, as kept alive by flight,
Now not oppos'd, no longer can purſue :
Laſting till Heav'n had done his courage right ;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the wat'ry field :
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Tho', as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd even by the boaſtful Dutch;
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay ;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide ;
Domeſtic joys and cares he puts away :
For realms are houſeholds which the great muſt guide.

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day :

CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay and rudiments of great ſucceſs,

Which all-maturing Time muft bring to light,
Which he, like Heav'n, does each day's labour blefs.

CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the firft or fecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work defign'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works furvey,
A paffive aptnefs in all fubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veffels, firft, with fpeedy care,
His plenteous ftores do feafon'd timber fend;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the furgeons of maim'd fhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvafs from rich Hamburg fent,
His navies' molted wings he imps once more;
Tall Norway fir their mafts in battle fpent,
And Englifh oaks fprung leaks and planks reftore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm *:
Like lab'ring bees on a long fummer's day,
Some found the trumpet for the reft to fwarm,
And fome on bells of tafted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax fome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ftay,
Or tend the fick, or educate the young.

* "Fervet opus." The fame fimilitude in Virgil.

CXLVI.

So here, ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum thro' each ſeem and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the ſeams inſtops;
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marling bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch ſtands in perſon by,
His new-caſt cannons' firmneſs to explore;
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge ſorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of arms and men,
And ſhips which all laſt winter were abroad;
And ſuch as fitted ſince the fight had been,
Or, new from ſtocks, were fall'n into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phœnix, daughter of the vaniſh'd old,

Like a rich bride does to the ocean ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in floting gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the wind,
And ſanguine ſtreamers ſeem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom deſign'd,
Goes on to ſea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,
Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves;
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The loyal City give their beſt-lov'd King;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, Art
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters ſwam,
An uſeleſs drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, firſt a floting trough became,
And croſs ſome riv'let paſſage did begin.

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian, on the ſtream did glide,
Ere ſharp-keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the Golden Age to Tiber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhip was navigation then,
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the pole-ſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
Than the bold Engliſh none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heav'n's high way *
They make diſcov'ries where they ſee no ſun.

CLXI.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this age to Britain firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides, and their myſterious flow,
We as Art's elements ſhall underſtand,

* "Extra anni ſoliſque vias." *Virg.*

And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whofe path fhall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Inftructed fhips fhall fail to quick commerce,
By which remoteft regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the univerfe,
Where fome may gain, and all may be fupply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's laft verge fhall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the fky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we fhall know,
And on the lunar world fecurely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from your aufpicious care,
Who great in fearch of God and Nature grow;
Who beft your wife Creator's praife declare,
Since beft to praife his works is beft to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbics, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd ufe of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But firft the toils of war we muft endure,
And from the injurious Dutch redeem the feas:
War makes the valiant of his right fecure,
And gives up Fraud to be chaftis'd with eafe.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty ev'ry day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now, by firſt appearing, ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Deſigning, ſubtle, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage war with wiſe delay;
Yet all thoſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor ſtaid the Engliſh long; but, well ſupply'd,
Appear as num'rous as th' inſulting foe;
The combat now by courage muſt be try'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver nation ſhow.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth ſquadron now come in,
Which in the Streights laſt winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biſcay's working bay had been,
And on the mid-land ſea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet;
And Holmes, whoſe name ſhall live in epic ſong,
While muſic numbers, or while verſe has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes! the Achates of the Gen'ral's fight,
Who firſt bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold,

As once old Cato in the Romans' ſight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought;
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis, on a Muſe by Mars begot,
Born, Cæſar-like, to write and act great deeds;
Impatient to revenge his fatal ſhot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

CLXXVI.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whoſe deeds ſome nobler poem ſhall adorn;
And, tho' to me unknown, they, ſure, fought well
Whom Rupert led, and who were Britiſh born.

CLXXVII.

Of ev'ry ſize an hundred fighting ſail:
So vaſt the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd waters fail,
And with its weight it ſhoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd, the ſeamen ſhout ſo ſhrill,
That heav'n and earth and the wide ocean rings;
A breeze from weſtward waits their ſails to fill,
And reſts in thoſe high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gath'ring ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the Engliſh coaſt;
Behind their treach'rous ſhallows they withdraw,
And there lay ſnares to catch the Britiſh hoſt.

CLXXX.

So the falſe ſpider, when her nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie,
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if, at laſt, ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run;
Or, if with caution leiſurely were paſt,
Their num'rous groſs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind puſhing them above,
And ſwelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike ſquadrons move,
And with ſpread ſails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It ſeem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune ſtood,
With all his hoſts of waters at command,

Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious flood,
And with his trident ſhov'd them off the ſand *.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like murderers when ghoſts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremoſt ſquadrons meet,
The midmoſt battles haſt'ning up behind;
Who view, far off, the ſtorm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe admirals appear,
The two bold champions of each country's right;
Their eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of ev'ry ſize,
The linſtocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires;
The vig'rous ſeaman ev'ry port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldom ſought before;
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ty'd,
And forc'd, at leaſt in ſhew, to prize it more.

* ———— "levat ipſe tridenti,
"Et vaſtas aperit ſyrtes," &c. *Virg.*

CXC.

But ſharp remembrance on the Engliſh part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe,
Rouſe conſcious virtue up in ev'ry heart,
And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo *.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet ſuſtain
Which did two gen'rals' fates and Cæſar's bear;
Each ſeveral ſhip a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch maſters knew,
Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to fly:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if to praiſe them all the States ſtood by.

CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet!
Thy monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear,
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his Rome deſpair.

* "Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur." *Virg.*

CXCV.

Behold that navy which, a while before,
Provok'd the tardy Englifh clofe to fight,
Now draw their beaten veffels clofe to fhore,
As larks lie dar'd to fhun the hobies' flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Englifh monuments furvey,
In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the ftory of this day,
Whofe fame was blemifh'd by too bafe a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too bufily they will inquire
Into a victory which we difdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron faint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an off'ring bring;
England, which firft, by leading them aftray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deftroy her King.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful induftry
To check a monarchy that flowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate forefee,
Whofe rifing pow'r to fwift dominion flew.

CC.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathlefs Deftiny;

Whofe dark refort fince Prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what fhall be.

CCI.

But whate'er Englifh to the blefs'd fhall go,
And the fourth Harry or firft Orange meet,
Find him difowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detefting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coafts our conqu'ring navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land befets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie afleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So clofe behind fome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t'attend their prey,
And give no chafe, but fwallow in the fry,
Which thro' their gaping jaws miftake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
Deftructive fires among whole fleets we fend;
Triumphant flames upon the waters flote,
And outbound fhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thofe various fquadrons varioufly defign'd,
Each veffel freighted with a feveral load,
Each fquadron waiting for a feveral wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea, golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gaudes the ſimple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For folded turbans fineſt holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And, as the prieſts, who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX.

But, ah! how unſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from Heav'n, like lightning make no ſtay;
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or Grief, ſent poſt, o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted pow'r to croſs,
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;

Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, Empreſs of the Northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time*,
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper Heav'n provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway,
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

CCXIV.

Till fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on:
His prince, ſurpris'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of Trade, and noiſeful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her ſilent reign,
No ſound the reſt of Nature did invade.

* "Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia coeli
"Ardeat," *&c.* *Ovid.*

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And, firſt, few ſcatt'ring ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And, mould'ring as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now, like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon, which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So 'ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds, like crafty courtezans *, with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
And ev'ry freſh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials, weaker than before.

* *Like crafty*, &c.] "Hac arte tractabat cupidum virum, "ut illius animum inopia accenderet."

CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd defire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide furvey,
And nods at ev'ry houfe his threat'ning fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghofts of traitors from the bridge defcend,
With bold fanatic fpectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And fing their fabbath-notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel faw them where they fate
Above the palace of our flumb'ring King;
He figh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft' look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noife and dreadful blaze
Call'd up fome waking lover to the fight;
And long it was ere he the reft could raife,
Whofe heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot purfu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, haftily retire;
And frighted mothers ftrike their breafts, too late,
For helplefs infants left amidft the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries foon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murm'ring noifes rife in ev'ry ftreet;

The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe,
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming thro' their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play,
And ſome, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain; for from the eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath thro' the dry rafters ſent:
The flames, impell'd, ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze*;
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his rev'rend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

* "Sigaea igni freta lata relucent." *Virg.*

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader groſs,
To either hands his wings he opens wide;
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed;
At length, grown ſtrong, their mother fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the Town
The curling billows rowl their reſtleſs tide;
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty ſquadron, with a ſide-wind ſped,
Thro' narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By pow'rful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt the imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt;

Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke,
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place,
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did ſhow'r:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has pow'r!

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold;
(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt redreſs)
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That, where it ſeizes, all relief is vain,
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap,
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet;
Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round,
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails; for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;

And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud;
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increaſe their ſtore!

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners' laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
E'en from their jaws the hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary King gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where ſouls diſtracted, when the trumpet blows,
And half unready, with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wand'ring friends;
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals, and watch the Veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And, while thro' burning lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields, like herded beaſts, lie down,
To dews obnoxious, on the graſſy floor;
And, while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can eaſe them but their Sov'reign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort ſing:

E'en thoſe whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life's a bleſſing under ſuch a King.

CCLXI.

Mean time he ſadly ſuffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a ſaint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſupply'd and he may want.

CCLXII.

"O God," ſaid he, "thou patron of my days,
"Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs!
"Who me unfriended brought'ſt, by wondrous ways,
"The kingdom of my fathers to poſſeſs:

CCLXIII.

"Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care
"I ſince have labour'd, for my people's good,
"To bind the bruiſes of a Civil war,
"And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting blood!

CCLXIV.

"Thou, who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
"And recompenſe, as friends, the good miſled;
"If mercy be a precept of thy will,
"Return that mercy on thy ſervant's head.

CCLXV.

"Or, if my heedleſs youth has ſtepp'd aſtray,
"Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand,
"On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay,
"But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

" We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
" As humble earth, from whence at firſt we came:
" Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhow,
" And ſhrink like parchment in conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

" O let it be enough what thou haſt done!
" When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
" With poiſon'd darts, which not the good could ſhun,
" The ſpeedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

" The living few, and frequent fun'rals then,
" Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place;
" And now thoſe few, who are return'd again,
" Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

" O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
" Or bind thy ſentence unconditional;
" But in thy ſentence our remorſe foreſee,
" And, in that foreſight, this thy doom recall.

CCLXX.

" Thy threat'nings, Lord, as thine, thou may'ſt revoke;
" But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
" Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the ſtroke,
" And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land."

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heav'nly choir
Choſe out the cherub with the flaming ſword,

And bade him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd.

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed miniſter his wings diſplay'd,
And, like a ſhooting ſtar, he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſh'd to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames, chaſtis'd, went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw, with wat'ry eyes,
Their founder's charity in duſt laid low,
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor who made them ſo.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul! defend thee long,
Tho' thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe;
Tho' made immortal by a poet's ſong,
And poets' ſongs the Theban walls could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire;
But ſince it was profan'd by Civil war,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both ſides prey;
This benefit we ſadly owe the flame,
If only ruin muſt enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes,
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire;
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more ſickly roſe,
And farther from the fev'riſh North retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heav'n, the bleſs'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God,
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

CCLXXX.

At length th'Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt;
He ſaw the Town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry ſtrove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or, full with feeding, ſink into a ſleep:

Each houſehold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than nat'ral change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound;
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain,
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd [grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In ev'ry heart, which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief tho periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The Father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe,
That if their ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long that Town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the Town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd their laſt,
Or, dimly, in their ſinking ſockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark priſon freed,
(Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung)
Will glorioufly the new-laid works ſucceed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mould,
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already, lab'ring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mounting brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of Time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more auguſt,
New deified, ſhe from her fires does riſe;
Her wid'ning ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And, opening, into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before, ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſate to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden queen, ſhe will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly ſuitors come:
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand, like ſuppliants, to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilent Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wynd, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The vent'rous merchant, who defign'd more far,
And touches on our hofpitable fhore,
Charm'd with the fplendour of this Northern ftar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our pow'rful navy fhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this Town, without a fleet,
From all the world fhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britifh ocean fhall fuch triumphs boaft,
That thofe who now difdain our trade to fhare,
Shall rob, like pirates, on our wealthy coaft.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the lefs dang'rous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not fo great to vanquifh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the Eaftern wealth thro' ftorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conftant trade-wind will fecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the fpicy fhore.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN JUNE 10. 1688.

OUR vows are heard by times, and Heav'n takes care
To grant before we can conclude the pray'r;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe who came to pray.
Juſt on the day when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in its northern progreſs run,
He bended forward, and ev'n ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the bus'neſs of his longeſt morn;
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes th' auſpicious heir,
This age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.
Laſt ſolemn Sabbath ſaw the church attend,
The Paraclet in fiery pomp deſcend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.

So great a bleſſing to ſo good a King
None but th' eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council, to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt,
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd;
The mighty Trine the triple empire ſhar'd,
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail Son of Pray'rs! by holy violence
Drawn down from heav'n; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require,
To change th' invet'rate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye Seraphs! and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate;
Great may they be like his, like his be late,
That James his running century may view,
And give this ſon an auſpice to the new.

Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay;
For ſee the Dragon winged on his way
To watch the travail and devour the prey.
Or, if alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant-cry,
The ſnakes beſieg'd his young divinity;
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat,
For oppoſition makes a hero great.
To needful ſuccour all the good will run,
And Jove aſſert the godhead of his ſon.
O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging yourſelves the benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read, in characters of light,
A bleſſing ſent you in your own deſpight.
The manna falls, yet that celeſtial bread,
Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed;
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild?
Or if it be, may Moſes live at leaſt,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd reſt.
Tho' poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heav'n his footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The riſe of empires and their fall ſurveys:
More (might I ſay) than with an uſual eye,
He ſees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the ſouls of ſaints beneath his altar cry.

Already has he lifted high the ſign
Which crown'd the conqu'ring arms of Conſtantine;
The moon grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her train of ſtars have loſt their light.
  Behold another Sylveſter, to bleſs
The ſacred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs;
Large of his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
  Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine;
(The former, too, was of the Britiſh line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches cloſ'd,
Whoſe exile many ſought, and few oppos'd?
O! did not Heav'n, by its eternal doom,
Permit thoſe evils that this good might come?
So manifeſt, that e'en the moon-ey'd ſects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again
What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.
To dream that Chance his preſervation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
Or the ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
To people earth, and to reſtore their kind.
  When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majeſtic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
On the fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:

If the firſt op'ning page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp! how thro' the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles!
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Aſſures our birthrights, and aſſumes his own.
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt.
Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun.
 Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth*,
Loath to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in earth;
But ſicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent in the ſkies:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.
 Not great Æneas † ſtood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his goddeſs-mother's grace,
For ſhe herſelf had made his count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderneſs.
† Virg. Aeneid. 1.

If our victorious Edward, as they ſay,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born;
Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.
Great Michael! prince of all th' ethereal hoſts,
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou th' adopted patron of our iſle,
With cheerful aſpects on this infant ſmile;
The pledge of Heav'n, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill-increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the ſtill-impending teſt,
And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt.
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God! thy martyr's blood;

But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt thro' their native ſoil;
A harveſt rip'ning for another reign,
Of which this royal Babe may reap the grain.
  Enough of early ſaints one womb has giv'n;
Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our atonement go,
And reigning bleſs'd above leave him to rule below.
  Enough already has the year foreſhow'd;
His wonted courſe the ſea has overflow'd;
The meads were floted with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing:
The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhiv'ring ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Arauna's threſhing-floor *!
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebuſite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
  Heav'n, to reward him, makes his joys ſincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the ſacred infant's year.
Five months to diſcord and debate were giv'n;
He ſanctifies the yet remaining ſeven.

* Alluding to the paſſage in the firſt book of Kings, chap. xxiv.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleſs'd,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual reſt!
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone,
Luſtrations for offences not his own.
Let conſcience, which is int'reſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Unnam'd as yet, at leaſt unknown to fame,
Is there a ſtrife in heav'n about his name,
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe:
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues and faſcinating eyes,
This iſle, which hides the little thund'rer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;
Th'artillery of heav'n ſhall make him known:
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood:

Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguiſh all the father in his ſoul,
And for his Eſtian race, and Saxon ſtrain,
Might reproduce ſome ſecond Richard's reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his parents' blood;
But kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious tranſport of the news
Had to prophetic madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyſs to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the ſudden blaſt,
The face of heav'n and our young ſun o'ercaſt!
Fame, the ſwift ill, increaſing as ſhe roll'd,
Diſeaſe, Deſpair, and Death, at three repriſes told;
At three inſulting ſtrides ſhe ſtalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, ſtruck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat, but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the ſky.
Here black Rebellion ſhooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the ſons of God are petrify'd with woe:
An apoplex of grief; ſo low were driv'n
The ſaints as hardly to defend their heav'n.

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our ſouls; till, ſlow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on Fate;
By pray'rs the mighty bleſſing was implor'd,
To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs reſtor'd.
So, ere the Shunammite * a ſon conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A ſon was ſent, the ſon ſo much deſir'd,
But ſoon upon the mother's knees expir'd;
The troubled ſeer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſt'ral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul, return'd.
Thus Mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.
As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And, ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

* In the ſecond book of Kings, chap. iv.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt,
For Heav'n will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His ev'ry mercy for an alms may paſs;
With ſparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morſels, and delays 'em long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding-garment on the gueſt?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard *;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent tho' his ark was there.
Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practiſe, gives.

* 1 Sam. iv. 10.

Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church, prevail:
Nor Amalek can rout the choſen bands *,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well let us ſecure his days,
Mod'rate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day;
'Tis godlike God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious Queen! tranſlated here,
From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged ſphere
Beyond the ſunny walks and circling year;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Tho' beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem;
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay;
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, tho' the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon, be done.

* Exod. xvii. 8.

Let angels' voices with their harps confpire,
But keep th' aufpicious infant from the choir;
Late let him fing above, and let us know
No fweeter mufic than his cries below.
Nor can I wifh to you, great Monarch! more
Than fuch an annual income to your ftore.
The day which gave this Unit did not fhine
For a lefs omen than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.
Our ifle has younger titles ftill in ftore,
And when th' exhaufted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign fhore.
The name of Great your martial mind will fuit,
But Juftice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks 'twas but one hero's * due,
And in him Plutarch prophefy'd of you:
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But juftice is a virtue fhar'd by all.
Some kings the name of Conqu'rors have affum'd,
Some to be great, fome to be gods prefum'd;
But boundlefs pow'r and arbitrary luft
Made tyrants ftill abhor the name of Juft;
They fhunn'd the praife this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The pow'r from which all kings derive their ftate,
Whom they pretend, at leaft, to imitate,

* Ariftides. See his life in Plutarch.

Is equal both to puniſh and reward,
For few would love their God unleſs they fear'd.
Reſiſtleſs force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And deathleſs being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heav'n's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt:
But Juſtice is Heav'n's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
That could it fail the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and ſtate
Are one to Fortune ſubject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile;
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's our iſle.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the Author to ſay ſomewhat in defence both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpeculations which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that, perhaps, laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of ſacred things. But, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confeſſion of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a diſtance. In the next place, I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that the helps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; ſo that the weapons with which

I combat irreligion are already consecrated; though, I suppose, they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my *own* charity has caused me to commit, that of *others* may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it: but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother-church, accounting them no farther mine than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper, before it was published, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance. 'Tis true, he had too good a taste to like it all; and, amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself

that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought that Heathens, who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief that, before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation which was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons of Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerved for Japheth, (of whoſe progeny we are) it ſeems unaccountable to me why ſo many generations, of the ſame offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion; or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven; and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons might continue for ſome ages in the whole poſterity: that afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japheth ſwarmed into co-

lonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others, in proceſs of time their deſcendents loſt, by little and little, the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one Deity, to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of Nature, as the next in dignity, was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the Heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah; and that our modern philoſophers, nay, and ſome of our philoſophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme Agent, or intellectual Being, which we call God; that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination: ſo that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what So-

crates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the Heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out, by them, that Supreme Nature which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is Infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were poſſible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen: for every man is building a ſeveral way, impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials. Reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the

word of God is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of Heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe Creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion, which is, that Heathens may poſſibly be ſaved. In the firſt place, I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the Preface only, not the Creed itſelf, which (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of Scripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man, who is read in church-hiſtory, knows that Belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was ſent abroad among the Chriſtian churches, as a kind of teſt, which whoſoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifeſt from hence that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well conſidered, takes off the heavy weight of cenſure which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a man; for if this propoſition, "Whoſoever will be ſaved," be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom

it was intended, and for whom it was compofed, I mean the Chriftians, then the *anathema* reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chrift, and were nothing interefted in that difpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publicly read: for, I fuppofe, there is the fame reafon for it now, in oppofition to the Socinians, as there was then againft the Arians; the one being a herefy which feems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plaufibility of reafon it combats our religion, with fo much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interpofed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to fuch as are grounded in the true belief, thofe explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanafius, might perhaps be fpared: for what is fupernatural will always be a myftery in fpite of expofition: and, for my own part, the plain Apoftles' Creed is moft fuitable to my weak underftanding, as the fimpleft diet is the moft eafy of digeftion.

I have dwelt longer on this fubject than I intended, and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to falvation it is clear, fufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that

purpofe, I have left myfelf no right to interpret obfcure places, fuch as concern the poffibility of eternal happinefs to Heathens; becaufe whatfoever is obfcure is concluded not neceffary to be known.

But, by afferting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myfelf two forts of enemies: the Papifts, indeed, more directly, becaufe they have kept the Scripture from us what they could, and have referved to themfelves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanatics more collaterally, becaufe they have affumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private fpirit, and have detorted thofe texts of Scripture which are not neceffary to falvation to the damnable ufes of fedition, difturbance, and deftruction of the Civil government. To begin with the Papifts, and, to fpeak freely, I think the them lefs dangerous (at leaft in appearance) to our prefent ftate; for not only the penal laws are in force againft them, and their number is contemptible, but alfo their peers and commons are excluded from Parliament, and, confequently, thofe laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever fince the Reformation, I fuppofe all Proteftants believe: for it is not reafonable to think but that fo many of their orders, as were outed from their fat poffeffions, would endeavour a re-entrance againft thofe whom they account

heretics. As for the late defign, Mr. Coleman's Letters, for ought I know, are the beft evidence; and what they difcover, without wire-drawing their fenfe or malicious gloffes, all men of reafon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I muft believe it as well as I am able, in fpite of the witneffes, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament; for I fuppofe the Fanatics will not allow the private fpirit in this cafe. Here the infallibility is at leaft in one part of the government, and our underftandings as well as our wills are reprefented. But to return to the Roman Catholics; how can we be fecure from the practice of Jefuited Papifts in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as fome of them would impofe upon us, but almoft the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible mafter has a right over kings, not only in fpirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, and at leaft twenty others of foreign countries, we can produce of our own nation Campian, and Doleman, or Parfons, befides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them atteft this doctrine, that the Pope can depofe and give away the right of any fovereign prince, *fi vel paulum deflexerit*, if he fhall never fo little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from fubjects, and they may and ought to drive him,

like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Chriſtianorum dominatu*, from exerciſing dominion over Chriſtians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conſcience, under no leſs penalty than damnation. If they anſwer me (as a learned prieſt has lately written) that this doctrine of the Jeſuits is not *de fide*, and that, conſequently, they are not obliged by it, they muſt pardon me if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe, but more ſafely the moſt received and moſt authorized: and their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vaſſal to the Pope, *ratione directi domini*, and that he holds in villenage of his Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witneſſes that King John was deſpoſed by the ſame plea, and Philip Auguſtus admitted tenant. And (which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French king was again ejected when our king ſubmitted to the church, and the crown was received under the ſordid condition of a vaſſalage.

It is not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papiſts (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I

will grant their behaviour, in the firſt, to have been as loyal and as brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excuſed as to the ſecond, I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madneſs to be ſober alone while the nation continues drunk. But that ſaying of their father Creſ. is ſtill running in my head, that they may be diſpenſed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it; for that (as another of them tells us) is only the effect of Chriſtian prudence: but when once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an heretic is no lawful king; and, conſequently, to riſe againſt him is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, that they would join in a public act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitic principles, and ſubſcribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a theſis of the Jeſuits) maintained amongſt others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it) or in open conſiſtory.

Leaving them, therefore, in ſo fair a way (if they pleaſe themſelves) of ſatisfying all reaſonable men of

their ſincerity and good meaning to the government, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schiſmatics, of the Engliſh church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our tongue, they have uſed it ſo as if their buſineſs was not to be ſaved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the Engliſh nation that it had ſtill remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latin of St. Jerome, than that ſeveral texts in it ſhould have been prevaricated to the deſtruction of that government which put it into ſo ungrateful hands.

How many hereſies the firſt tranſlation of Tindal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's Hiſtory of Henry VIII. inform you; inſomuch, that for the groſs errors in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſioned, a ſentence paſſed on the firſt edition of the Bible too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort reign of Edward VI. (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whoſe conſciences would not diſpenſe with Popery, were forced, for fear of perſecution, to change climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and

imperious discipline of Calvin to graft upon our Reformation; which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the Parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause; which was done, says my author, upon this account, that (their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass

by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their cauſe was ſunk in court and parliament, they might, at leaſt, hedge in a ſtake amongſt the rabble; for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abuſive; but if church and ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingſgate. Even the moſt ſaint-like of the party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile, and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy; and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief, the Preſbytery, and the reſt of our Schiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the Chriſtian world.

It is true, the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion: but, to ſhow what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it; for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart, and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night as that of their ſaint and patroneſs, yet

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then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her; and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatic lord-mayor and two ſheriffs of their party to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech: "There "is in every one of theſe conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe "to fear leſt our haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo "perilous conſequence," (meaning the Preſbyterian diſcipline) "ſhould cauſe poſterity to feel thoſe evils "which, as yet, are more eaſy for us to prevent, than "they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold we know too well by ſad experience. The ſeeds were ſown in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the bloody harveſt ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and, becauſe all the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary to our religion when he ſpeaks truth; and it is the obſervation of Maimbourg, in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, that wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And how, indeed, ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Re-

formation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were Papiſts our holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the Sectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons, and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themſelves the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the worſt party of the Papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained, by the whole body of Nonconformiſts and Republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe, and, after that, they cannot dip into the Bible but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe. If they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly

handled in this Paper; but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared; though, at the ſame time, I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the church-diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his tranſlation of The Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, compoſed by the learned Father Simon: the verſes, therefore, are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry, in this Poem, I muſt tell him, that if he has not read Horace I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his Epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem, deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic; for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver,

and thoſe three qualities which I have named are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle: the florid, elevated, and figurative, way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul by ſhowing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs but inſtruction is to be given by ſhowing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be rea-ſoned into truth.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE

RELIGIO LAICI.

Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta docere.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring, travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Not light us here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere,
So pale grows Reaſon at Religion's ſight,
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernat'ral light.
Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to Nature's ſecret head,
And found that one firſt principle muſt be;
But what, or who, that Univerſal He,
Whether ſome ſoul encompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not e'en the Stagirite himſelf could ſee,
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he.

As blindly grop'd they for a future ſtate,
As raſhly judg'd of Providence and Fate;
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind;
For happineſs was never to be found,
But vaniſh'd from 'em like inchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This ev'ry little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil,
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep,
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep,
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries, Εὕρηκα, the mighty ſecret's found:
God is that ſpring of good, ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heav'n;
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.

This general worſhip is to praiſe and pray;
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet ſince th' effects of Providence we find
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human-kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
(A brand that ſovereign Juſtice cannot bear)
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate,
The laſt appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.
Thus man, by his own ſtrength, to heav'n would ſoar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou miſled,
To think thy wit theſe godlike notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And Reaſon ſaw not till Faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy nat'ral worſhip takes the ſource;
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe:
Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle, found,
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime?
Or canſt thou lower dive or higher climb?

Canſt thou by reaſon more of Godhead know
Then Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits, in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem: no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of nat'ral worſhip, built on pray'r and praiſe,
To one ſole God:
Nor did remorſe, to expiate ſin, preſcribe,
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might Heav'n's wrath beguile,
By off'ring his own creatures for a ſpoil!
  Dar'ſt thou, poor worm! offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be giv'n by thee?
Then thou art juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel;
And, like a king remote, and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
  But if there be a pow'r too juſt and ſtrong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wiſdom found the way,

And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore;
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame,
Th' offended ſuff'ring in th' offender's name;
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt; remorſe for vice
Not paid, or, paid, inadequate in price.
What farther means can reaſon now direct?
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick till Heav'n reveal the cure.
If then Heav'n's will muſt needs be underſtood,
(Which muſt, if we want cure, and Heav'n be good)
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhown,
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred Book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Chriſtian faith and virtues, we ſhall find
None anſw'ring the great ends of human-kind

But this one rule of life; that ſhews us beſt
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals bleſt.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is ſcarce more ancient than the law:
Heav'n's early care preſcrib'd for ev'ry age,
Firſt in the ſoul, and after in the page:
Or whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the writers or the written Book,
Whence but from Heav'n could men unſkill'd in arts,
In ſeveral ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch agreeing truths? or how, or why
Should all conſpire to cheat us with a lie?
Unaſk'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the Book itſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent Heathens prove the ſtory true:
The doctrine, miracles, which muſt convince,
For Heav'n in them appeals to human ſenſe;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cauſe,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the ſtyle; majeſtic and divine,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in ev'ry line:
Commanding words, whoſe force is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt Fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beſide or did by arms aſcend,
Or ſenſe indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our luſts oppoſe,
Unfed by Nature's ſoil in which it grows;

Crofs to our int'refts, curbing fenfe and fin,
Oppref's'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain, its own tormentors tires,
And with a ftubborn patience ftill afpires.
To what can reafon fuch effects affign
Tranfcending nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that facred volume are contain'd,
Sufficient, clear, and for that ufe ordain'd.
But ftay; the Deift here will urge anew,
No fupernat'ral worfhip can be true;
Becaufe a gen'ral law is that alone
Which muft to all and every where be known;
A ftyle fo large as not this Book can claim,
Nor ought that bears Reveal'd Religion's name.
'Tis faid the found of a Meffiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth;
But ftill that text muft be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known;
And what provifion could from thence accrue
To Indian fouls, and worlds difcover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages paft,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till fin fpread once again the fhades of night:
What's that to thefe who never faw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To ftartle reafon, ftagger frail belief.
We grant, 'tis true, that Heav'n from human fenfe
Has hid the fecret paths of Providence;

But boundlefs Wifdom, boundlefs Mercy, may
Find, ev'n for thofe bewilder'd fouls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ftrangers who ne'er heard his name:
And tho' no name be for falvation known
But that of his eternal Son alone;
Who knows how far tranfcending Goodnefs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reafons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beft,
But more the great Apoftle has expreft;
That, "if the Gentles (whom no law infpir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They who the written rule had never known,
Were to themfelves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they fhall plead,
And by their confcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moft righteous doom! becaufe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thofe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thofe who follow'd Reafon's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may fee their Maker's face,
While thoufand rubric martyrs want a place.
    Nor doth it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian bifhop of another mind:
For tho' his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endlefs pains

All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay,
This faith, where publiſh'd, was the only way;
Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high, and, as his Chriſtian fury roſe,
Damn'd all for heretics who durſt oppoſe.
  Thus far my charity this path hath try'd,
(A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide)
Yet what they are, e'en thoſe crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou haſt read,
Thy matchleſs author's work; which thou, my friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful hours which, of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd,
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd:
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the ſifting care
Of Rabbins' old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort,
May afterwards make Algebra a ſport.
A treaſure which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and tranſlations,
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.

A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's laſt hand requir'd;
As much as man could compaſs uninſpir'd:
Where we may ſee what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and tranſlators' trade;
How Jewiſh, Popiſh, int'reſts have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our author not too much a prieſt:
For faſhion-ſake he ſeems to have recourſe
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could ſubdue,
Could not but find the weakneſs of the new.
If Scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but careleſsly preſerv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms, of Heav'n's aſſiſting care,
And who did neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
Let in groſs errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
With vain traditions ſtopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe,
What ſafety from ſuch bruſh-wood helps as theſe?
If written words from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have oral ſounds endur'd?

Which thus tranſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd;
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we conſider int'reſt, church, and gain.
Oh but, ſays one, tradition ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For, ſince th' orig'nal Scripture has been loſt,
All copies diſagreeing, maim'd the moſt,
Or Chriſtian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church tradition muſt be found.
Such an omniſcient church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth both Teſtaments, caſt in the Creed;
But if this mother be a guide ſo ſure,
As can all doubts reſolve, all truths ſecure,
Then her infallibility as well,
Where copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;
Reſtore loſt canon with as little pains
As truly explicate what ſtill remains;
Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
Unleſs, like Eſdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence, ſtill to interpret true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd
Is in the bleſs'd original contain'd!
More ſafe, and much more modeſt, 'tis to ſay,
God would not leave mankind without a way,
And that the Scriptures, tho' not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,

Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me;
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive
Not from what others but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needful, ſure,
To ſaving faith, that Scripture leaves obſcure?
Which every ſect will wreſt a ſeveral way;
For what one ſect interprets all ſects may:
We hold, and ſay, we prove from Scripture plain,
That Chriſt is God; the bold Socinian
From the ſame Scripture urges he's but Man.
Now what appeal can end th' important ſuit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I ſpeak plain, and, in a nation free,
Aſſume an honeſt layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little ſkill)
To my own Mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this queſtion brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Chriſtian, who believes in groſs,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the ſtrait gate would be made ſtraiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.

The few, by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt ſtudy well the ſacred page, and ſee
Which doctrine, this or that, does beſt agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainlieſt points to Heav'n's reveal'd deſign;
Which expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are uſeleſs here,
When gen'ral, old, diſint'reſted and clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the rev'rend majeſty of age;
Confirms its force by biding ev'ry teſt,
For beſt authorities next rules are beſt;
And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go,
More limpid, more unſoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo know;
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke:
Such diff'rence is there in an oft'-told tale,
But truth by its own ſinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority than what from voice deſcends;
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the ſacred hiſtory,

Which from the univerſal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and, after, for itſelf believ'd.

The partial Papiſts would infer from hence
Their church, in laſt reſort, ſhould judge the ſenſe.
But firſt they would aſſume, with wondrous art,
Themſelves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vaſt frame, the church: yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the preſent claim it for their own?
The Book's a common largeſs to mankind,
Not more for them than every man deſign'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found,
The carrier's not commiſſion'd to expound;
It ſpeaks itſelf, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with ruſt and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance,
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but prieſts were authoris'd to know;
When what ſmall knowledge was in them did dwell,
And he a god who could but read or ſpell;
Then Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail,
But ſtill expounded what ſhe ſold or gave,
To keep it in her pow'r to damn and ſave:
Scripture was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took ſalvation on content,

As needy men take money, good or bad;
God's word they had not, but the prieſts' they had.
Yet, whate'er falſe conveyances they made,
The lawyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew infallible:
At laſt, a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the Book, or that did them, inſpire;
And, making narrower ſearch, they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the prieſts' was their eſtate;
Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
How long they had been cheated on record;
Then ev'ry man, who ſaw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare;
Conſulted ſoberly his private good,
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flatt'ry hence)
This good had full as bad a conſequence:
The Book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay:
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd,
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt bawl'd:
The Spirit gave the doctoral degree,
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible, free.

Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found,
But men would ſtill be itching to expound;
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace:
Study and pains were now no more their care,
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by pray'r;
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought,
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of Heav'n's diſcover'd will
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame, on ſeveral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.
What then remains but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem;
Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego,
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our pow'r to know.
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But ſince men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected Ancients ſay;

For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heav'n than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The Scripture and the Fathers diſagree.
If, after all, they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will)
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard, may be let alone.
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb;
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear;
And this unpoliſh'd, rugged verſe, I choſe,
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF K. CHARLES II.

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo. VIRG.

I.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room.
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heav'n was all ſerene,
No threat'ning cloud was nign,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in Nature's golden ſcene.
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dream'd of more,
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard;
It took us unprepar'd, and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread;
At once the general voice declar'd
" Our gracious Prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees;
But, like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,
The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes,
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heav'nly weight,
And, with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall,
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and, ruſhing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And with a fervent flame
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear Sov'reign's health,
And hop'd to have 'em heard
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth.

Guiltlefs of greatnefs thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wifh'd thofe vows he made
On his own head fhould be repaid.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
Who can defcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear,
And then the hero firft was feen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hafty and fo artlefs was his grief:
Approaching Greatnefs met him with her charms
Of pow'r and future ftate;
But look'd fo ghaftly in a brother's fate,
He fhook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he faw
A wild diftraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulfe, or breath,
A fenfelefs lump of facred clay,
An image, now, of Death.
Amidft his fad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Diftorted from their native grace;
An iron flumber fat on his majeftic eyes.
The pious Duke——forbear, audacious Mufe!
No terms thy feeble art can ufe

Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhow;
His like a ſov'reign did tranſcend;
No wife, no brother, ſuch a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal ſcene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heav'n, tho' its hard decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn agen;
And Death's uplifted arm arreſted in its haſte.
Heav'n half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen
What, by foreſight, it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below,
And mild Forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft' and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the Skies by offering up their
So great a throng not Heav'n itſelf could bar; [own.
'Twas almoſt borne by force, as in the Giants' war.
The pray'rs, at leaſt, for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days thoſe five degrees were lent
To form our patience, and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal Doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the
[brand.

IV.

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping Town in ſmiles again was dreſs'd;
Gladneſs in ev'ry face expreſs'd,
Theier eyes before thir tongues confeſs'd.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took;

Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte,
And long invet'rate foes ſaluted as they paſt.
Above the reſt heroic James appear'd,
Exalted more becauſe he more had fear'd;
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſh'd love,
Its more than common tranſport could not hide;
But, like an eagre, rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns, and wins upon the ſhore;
The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wond'ring way:
The prophet wonders more than they
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries, A king muſt fall, or kingdoms change their ſway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the lab'ring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but a while on liking here;

Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint eſſays of life.
An evening light,
Soon ſhut in night;
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief;
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V

The ſons of Art all med'cines try'd,
And ev'ry noble remedy apply'd:
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill; nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd:
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate ſo near a foil:
But, like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did mock.
They min'd it near; they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the med'cinal war:
No gentle means could be eſſay'd;
'Twas beyond parley when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent.
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before:

More, infinitely more, than he
Againſt the worſt of rebels could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without ſucceſs;
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs
The vain inſurancers of life,
And they who moſt perform'd and promis'd leſs,
Ev'n Short and Hobbes, forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair was in their looks;
No longer they conſult their memories or books:
Like helpleſs friends, who view from ſhore
The lab'ring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar,
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs,
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.

VI.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful ſound,
Which e'en the beſt can hardly bear:
He took the ſummons void of fear,
And, unconcern'dly, caſt his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the griſly challenger.
What Death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace;
The ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place,
Nor loſt the Monarch in his dying face:
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again
As he had number'd in his happy reign;
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath,
Nor ſhrunk, nor ſtepp'd aſide for Death;
But, with unalter'd pace, kept on,
Providing for events to come
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintained his kingly ſtate,
And grew familiar with his fate:
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt.
Oh truly good and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe, benignly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heav'n
The right had giv'n,
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſs'd that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his pow'r maintain;
That hand, on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt, he choſe
A prince who never diſobey'd,

Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd;
A prince on whom, if Heav'n its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree,
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe for whom love could no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, tho' rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind;
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brother's tenderneſs:
Tho' that's a term too mean and low;
(The bleſs'd above a kinder word may know;)
But what they did and what they ſaid,
The Monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid,
Like painters, when their height'ning arts are ſpent,
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving King,
The type of Him above,
That inexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love,

Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And aſk'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godleſs men, and of rebellious times;
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country ſent
Their beſt Camillus into baniſhment;
And forc'd their ſov'reign's act, they could not his conſent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his ſuff'rings paſt,
Than hear a pardon begg'd at laſt,
Which giv'n, could give the dying no relief!
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief!
His dauntleſs heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhow
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend ſo plenteouſly confeſs'd.

IX.

Amidſt that ſilent ſhow'r the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind;
Nor murm'ring groan expreſs'd, nor lab'ring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death;
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.

That peace which made thy proſp'rous reign to ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh, happy Shade! be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound;
For num'rous bleſſings yearly ſhow'r'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms e'en peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery;
For theſe, and more, accept our pious praiſe;
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe;
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity:
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore,
To them, and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion, of a long deſcent,
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent;
Thro' hazards numberleſs and great

Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fix'd the faireſt gem that decks th'imperial crown.
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates inſolently loud,
(Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd)
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look;
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will,
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name;
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty; thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more laviſh than [the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:
His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt, uſeful, arts
Were ſuch dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live,
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true;

That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If Science rais'd her head,
And ſoft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled?
Our iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the Solar Walk and heav'n's highway;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſs'd th' obedient field;
When, ſtraight, a double harveſt roſe,
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradiſe, manur'd and dreſs'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy choriſters a numerous train
Attends his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
So, riſing from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return.

Th' officious Mufes came along,
A gay, harmonious quire, like angels, ever young:
The Mufe that mourns him now his happy triumph [fung.
Ev'n they could thrive in his aufpicious reign,
And fuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureft and well-winnowed grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Tho' little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet fomewhat to their fhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they fung and flew,
Like birds of Paradife, that liv'd on morning-dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penfion of a prince's praife is great.
Live then, thou great Encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blefs'd above, almoft invok'd below,
Live, and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a finking ftate,
Who didft, by wife delays, divert our fate,
When Faction, like a tempeft, rofe
In Death's moft hideous form,
Then Art to rage thou didft oppofe,
To weather out the ftorm:
Not quitting thy fupreme command,
Thou heldft the rudder with a fteady hand,
Till fafely on the fhore the bark did land:
The bark that all our bleffings brought,
Charg'd with thyfelf and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know;
(For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought)
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The beſt and beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt-deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Thro' which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernat'ral pow'r ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heav'n, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy ſaints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality;
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſs'd return:
So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day,

Yet ſtill we murmur, and complain
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain:
Thoſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew;
The choſen flock has now the Promis'd Land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by Fate:
Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late!
Heroes in Heav'n's peculiar mould are caſt;
They, and their poets, are not form'd in haſte:
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
Falſe heroes, made by flatt'ry ſo,
Heav'n can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his
Before 'twas try'd and found a maſterpiece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future god, at firſt, was more than man:

Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled firſt with Fate:
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſs'd;
So early was the deity confeſs'd:
Thus, by degrees, he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide,
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſs'd, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
The hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign
The martial Ancus did the ſceptre wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field:
So James the drowſy Genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff, and ſlumb'ring on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve the ſpear al-[ready ſhakes.
No neighing of the warrior ſteeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs

T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold;
His voice, his ſole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his ling'ring ſword,
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word.
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate:
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main:
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain,
With conqueſt baſely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantine Book;
And let his wond'ring ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency,
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be;
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with malignant penury
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt;
Oh, give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt!
They do; and, with a diſtant view, I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty:
And all beyond that object there appears
The long retinue of a proſp'rous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold even the remoter ſhores
A conqu'ring navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted Ocean rears his rev'rend head,
To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
And, with a willing hand, reſtores
The faſces of the main.

HEROIC STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte
Who would before have borne him to the ſky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of public voice;
Since Heav'n, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praiſe no arts can lib'ral be,
Since they, whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our int'reſt too,
Such monuments as we can build to raiſe,
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame ſo truly circular?

For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him ſo:
And wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the ſun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did freſh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants coy and hard,
Him at that age her fav'rites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' ſway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun;
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing not to him, but Heav'n,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join,
Rewards that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt ſought t' inflame the parties, then to poiſe;
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs thro' the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of Fortune as of Fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhown
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the Galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, tho' under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade;
Heav'n in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his count'nance did imprint an awe,
And nat'rally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſovereign gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all off'rings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield,
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe intrigues as open field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea thro' Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 'twas caſt,
Tho' Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
For tho' ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confidant of Nature, ſaw
How ſhe complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue Heav'n ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;

Becaufe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they feldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high fpring our foreign conquefts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If fprings as high as fountains may afcend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Englifh Lion fent,
And taught him firft in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueftion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard,
And, trembling, wifh'd behind more Alps to ftand,
Altho' an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly crofs'd the line,
And bravely fought where fouthern ftars arife;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a foul above
The higheft acts it could produce to fhow:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilft the deep fecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went leſs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the centre motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the Veſtal, under ſpoils decreaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as a tribute ſent
That giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But Faction now by habit does obey,
And Wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

As needy gallants, in the ſcriv'ner's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands,
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all rather than make a war
With thoſe who of the ſame religion are.
The Streights, the Guinea trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Int'reſt's the god they worſhip in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all,

Think on their rapine, falſehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion;
And their new Commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lumber State mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became 'em with as ill a mien
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato fruits of Afric did diſplay,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay;
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude,
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdu'd.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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